

**Special Features This Issue**  
Friendship Sloop Reunion - *Magic Noire*  
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association Assembly



# **messing about in BOATS**

Volume 17 - Number 10

October 1, 1999

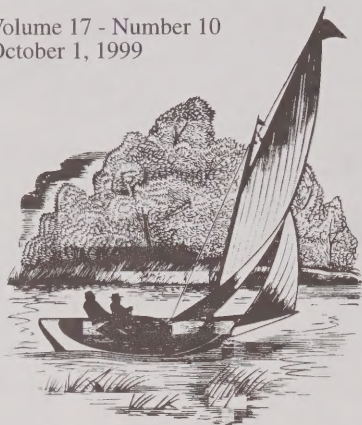




# messing about in BOATS

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## In Our Next Issue...

Chuck Raynor reports on "The Great Adirondack Guideboat Challenge" at Blue Mountain Lake in New York's Adirondacks; and I will report on attending "The Commissioning of the Steam Yacht *Quiet Presence*" at Falmouth Foreside, Maine.

David Naar has a tale of a boating lifetime's ending in "Requiem for a Skipper"; Ron Hoddinott details activities of "The West Coast Trailer Sailors" in Florida; Paul Browne reflects upon attitude in "Perspectives"; and Steve Turi continues his reminiscing in "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut".

We'll have a look at Maine's small tall ship effort in "The Virginia Project" and the Provincetown (MA) Museum's recollections of their now long gone "Eskimo Boats".

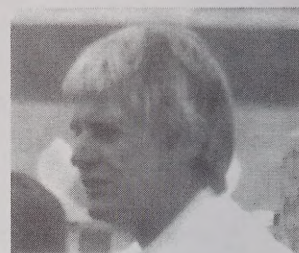
Gordon Hurley, Jr. contributes the history of "Two Small Scow Type Yachts, *Lark* and *Swallow*"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" looks at "A Small Barge"; and Phil Bolger & Friends are still running a little late with their announcements of what's next, but they always come through.

## On the Cover...

The annual Wooden Canoe Heritage Association Assembly at Paul Smiths in New York's Adirondack Reserve brings together many traditional canoe lovers and their lovely craft, evocative of a bygone time on these very waters.

# Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Roy Terwilliger's report and photos in this issue on the 1999 Wooden Canoe Heritage Association's Assembly at Paul Smiths in the Adirondacks of New York state reminded me of the appeal these lovely small craft seem to exert. While I have never been addicted to canoes and have paddled them only a few times, I too sense that underlying appeal that derives from the canoe's aesthetics and history.

While owning and using canoes have not been part of my own messing about in boats, I did get drawn into their mystique when I undertook over a period of a half dozen years to edit and publish the bi-monthly journal of the WCHA, *Wooden Canoe*. Circumstances developed within WCHA that prompted them to approach me about doing their journal, and at the time I could use the added income while still trying to build up *MAIB*'s cash flow to a level we could subsist on. My involvement in this way brought me into contact with many people who do love, build, restore, and paddle traditional canoes, and I gained much appreciation of their affection for their chosen craft.

Why didn't I fall under their spell and dive into canoeing myself? Well, I was busy still then working on a couple of sailboat projects and had taken up paddling sea kayaks. The latter sort of spoiled me for paddling a canoe, as I had become accustomed to the symmetry of the double paddle technique and the stability of the kayak in rough water and wind. Those who have learned their technique well can paddle canoes in rough water and wind but that act involves a whole lot more esoteric techniques, multitudes of paddle stroke variations, and ways of dealing with strong winds affecting the canoe as if it were a sail, with its high sides.

I did undertake one day to participate in an L.L. Bean basic canoeing workshop, and my outstanding recollection of that two hour session was the comment from the woman who had partnered me in our canoe, thanking me for not hollering at her. Apparently her husband used the shouting system, common also in sailing, as a way of directing her paddling efforts. I hadn't hollered at her, of course, not only from courtesy, but also because I was real busy trying to recall how to do even the few basic strokes we had been shown as necessary to control progress and direction on the placid river.

For several years I attended the annual L.L. Bean Canoe Symposium in Bridgeton, Maine, drawn by the appeal of the nature of the way these craft are used and the companionship of the many really nice people I had met there. I covered it for the magazine but did not indulge in much paddling in any workshops offered. I just didn't want to undertake another form of boating myself, but did the

journalist thing, absorbing the ambience of the gathering in its idyllic old time Maine summer camp setting on a beautiful lake surrounded by forested mountains. And, of course, the food was superb, as was the company at mealtimes.

Doing what I do involves exposure to many, many different ways of messing about in boats, and so many of them exert so much appeal that it would be easy for me to be drawn in too deep into too many ways to play. There's hardly time enough for even one it seems at times to me, but trying to play too many ways would be just frustrating.

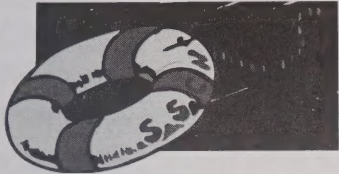
Over the now 25 years since I initially got interested enough in boats to take some sailing lessons in my mid-40's, in an effort to find new direction for my life as my motorcycling enthusiasm's flame was flickering out, I did get caught up in several variations on the messing about in boats theme. As it has turned out, I stuck with none of them long enough to become really committed. Currently I am enamored of trimarans but have yet to get going in any substantial way at getting on the water in such craft. My tinkering with converting a sea kayak into a mini trimaran has been the extent of it so far. Whether or not it will progress to more substantial involvement remains to be seen.

The one aspect of this boating interest I developed that did stick has been this magazine, now 17 years along and still rewarding my involvement with great satisfaction. Perhaps I am fated to be an observer and chronicler after all, but my earlier motorcycling magazines spanning 23 years of my life also included my very active personal involvement in some aspects of that sport, racing and off-road riding specifically.

Well, these lovely wooden canoes can be enjoyed vicariously by me as I have occasion to publish news about them. As is the case with all the articles you get to read in this magazine, the inputs from so many readers about their various enthusiasms and affections for certain sorts of boats do feed a vicarious existence for me, the involvement part coming in getting these tales out to you every couple of weeks. I have accepted the fact that I'll never get around to cruising under sail, or paddling a canoe on Maine river, sea kayaking the Maine coast, or building a steamboat (another technology with an insidious appeal to the tinkerer in me).

I do anticipate continuing my ongoing involvement turning out this magazine as it has seemed to have stuck with me, and now as I view the foreshortening of what's left of my lifetime I think, well, what else can I do that's so fulfilling? Maybe just a bit of low key messing about with some sort of small boat could be fit in? We'll see.





## Small Boat SAFETY

### Three Sad Tales

Any story about the loss of life while out on the water for pleasure has inherent sadness, but here's one that is particularly poignant, summarized from a news item in a Maine newspaper, *The Courier Gazette*, sent in by reader Fourtin Powell.

It took place in early May. Two local youths, one 14, the other 15, went out off South Thomaston for some rowing practice in a 7' aluminum skiff. They had been doing so for the previous few days. One of the youths intended to go lobstering during the coming summer.

The Coast Guard station in Rockland received a call at 7:20pm from the mother of one of the boys that he had failed to return home, they'd planned to be back by 5pm. The Coast Guard immediately sent their 41' and 21' rescue craft to the site, while a full sized cutter and a helicopter left for Maine from their base on Cape Cod in Massachusetts. The Maine Marine Patrol joined the search with its vessel and a 19' Boston Whaler, and numerous fishing boats from the region showed up also. On shore the South Thomaston firefighters and Knox County Sheriff's department conducted a shoreline search.

At 11pm the body of one of the boys was found near the skiff near an island about a half mile offshore. With the morning light the body of the other boy was found at low tide in about 10' of water.

A Maine Marine Patrol spokesman stated that the tiny 7' skiff was not seaworthy, the rear seat had been removed leaving only one seat, the oarlocks were clamped on in such a way as to make rowing the skiff difficult, the seams were leaking, and there were no life jackets in the boat.

The seas were estimated at 2' to 4', water temperature was 41 degrees, and the spokesman noted that survival in such cold water is limited to about 15 to 20 minutes.

The lobster license for one of the lost youths arrived the following day in the mail. He had planned to launch his own boat on the coming weekend.

There is no sadder occasion in life than burying one's own children, and subsequently living with the loss of their lives not lived.

Another news item, sent by reader Bob Whittier, carries less emotional freight perhaps, but highlights the dangers present even in apparently benign on-the-water conditions.

Two men, ages 65 and 57, drowned on the Caloosahatchee River near Lake Okeechobee in Florida when their small 15'

bass boat was swamped by the wakes of passing cabin cruisers. None of the four people onboard the bass boat were wearing life vests. Two women onboard, one the wife of the boat owner, both swam to shore.

Reader Whittier, who has long voiced strong convictions about the inadequacy of existing safety and operator instruction programs for recreational boaters, added his own supplementary remarks:

"It's not just the boneheads in small boats who are causing the trouble. It's also the rich boneheads in large, powerful planing type cruisers and deep vee hulls that mush along at intermediate speeds generating huge wakes. Every one who has used small boats in waters where big ones are common has been intimidated by these boats as they come cruising up the channel towing those wakes behind them.

I once observed such a scene when a skiff containing two fishermen came out of the harbor, sticking close to the breakwater to keep the channel center clear for larger craft. Along came one of these seagoing snowplows and its huge wake lifted the skiff up and dropped it onto the jagged stones of the breakwater with serious damage to both the skiff and its occupants. No local authorities followed up with any charges against the big boat's owner."

On a lighter note, because no life was lost nor injury suffered, is a tale from the *Boston Globe* about two brothers and a friend who went fishing in Boston harbor in April. They planned on a four to five hour trip in their 14' outboard. 24 hours later they were rescued by Coast Guard helicopter after a cold, wet, hungry night spent on Lovell Island.

They stated there had been no fish and a lot of wind. About 3pm a net they were using got entangled in the prop and a piece of the motor broke off. They had no food or drink with

them, no blankets, towels, no radio, no means of communicating with the shore. They had flares, but no matches to light them and one flashlight with feeble dying batteries.

No boats passed by as they floated there and by 5:30pm the wind picked up more, the temperature dropped and the current began carrying them out to sea. The two brothers began rowing towards Lovell's Island, now the only land they could see. They had life vests on, and light coats, but were wet and freezing. It began to rain hard.

They got ashore and erected a tarp they had and huddled beneath it on the wet ground. They did not explore the island in the dark for better shelter, an old cement shack does exist there. Only four miles away the lights of Boston glowed in the sky. They assumed they'd be reported missing and were, by frantic family at 10:30pm. The Coast Guard began a helicopter search after midnight, but it was 5:30am before it flew over them on the island and they succeeded in attracting its attention.

The *Globe* gave the story a color photo feature treatment, entitling it "Marooned with a View". There was an implicit undertone in the report of this being almost a lark, since the misadventurers suffered only inconvenience and discomfort.

Lark or tragedy, unhappy incidents on the water in small boats caused, or enhanced, by lack of preparation and awareness of possible danger, continue to occur despite the efforts at safety education by both the established boating authorities and the volunteer groups of boaters concerned enough to try to tell people, "Hey, going out in a small boat may be fun but it does have its sharp edge of potential danger. Know what you're doing, play it safe. Plan for the worst. It may never happen, but if it does, be ready."

## Remembering

Joanne S. Scott

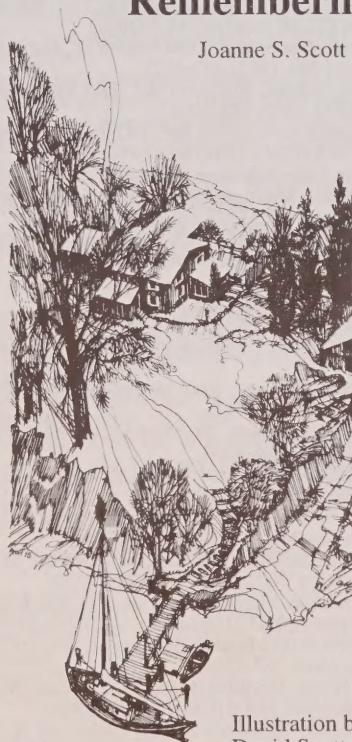


Illustration by David Scott

### Dipping Crabs

All that summer, the two kids crabbed from the skiff, took turns paddling by net, standing on the bow, a couple of buckets amidship. In business together at six and seven.

They'd take a lunch, crab from point to point, exploring the shallows of shore line and marsh; brown arms and legs sticking out of striped life preservers.

They were looking for soft crabs, hard crabs, "doubblers". A mating pair. Finding out the best mark of tide, likely hiding places, learning the slow approach, followed by the quick dip. Learning patience, disappointment, success.

Learning what couldn't be taught.



## ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.  
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.  
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (978) 281-4440.  
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.  
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.  
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

## BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445. (802) 425-3926.  
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.  
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.  
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.  
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.  
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.  
Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 684-9798.  
CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.  
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.  
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.  
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.  
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.  
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.  
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.  
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.  
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.  
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.  
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.  
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.  
Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145. (215) 755-2400. <cpwbf@libertynet.org>  
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.  
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.  
Schooner Sultana Shipyard Shipbuilding School, Box 524, Chestertown, MD 21620. (410) 778-6461.  
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.  
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7111.  
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.  
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

## CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.  
Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

## Activities & Events Organizers '99...

A new year is now here and we'll soon begin to dream about our opportunities for messing about in boats (in winterland areas anyway) when the on-the-water season gets underway in a few short months.

As a center of a sort of small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many, many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are frequently asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or organization or event.

To expedite this we publish this "Activities & Events Organizers" listing. We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we don't want to spend a lot of time either on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about opportunities. Instead we periodically publish this list and suggest that readers contact any of these that seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

If you do not find what you want in this listing, then contact us, we may be able to help you. But bear in mind that everything we hear goes onto this list, we're not holding anything back.

## ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. (954) 725-0640.

## MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (781) 934-7555.  
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.  
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.  
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.  
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.  
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.  
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

## MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).  
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.  
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.  
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.  
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.  
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.  
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.  
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.  
Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-8681.  
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>

Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.  
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.  
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.  
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.  
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.  
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.  
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.  
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.  
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.  
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.  
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.  
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.  
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.  
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.  
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.  
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (757) 596-2222.  
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.  
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.  
Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.  
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.  
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315).  
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.  
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.  
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.  
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.  
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.  
James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.  
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.  
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.  
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.  
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.  
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.  
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.  
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.  
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

## MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.  
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.  
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.



North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.  
 Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.  
 U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.  
 U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

## ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.  
 Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.  
 Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.  
 Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.  
 New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wills Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430.  
 San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jjosse@juno.com>  
 Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.  
 West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

## PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.  
 Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.  
 Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.  
 Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.  
 Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.  
 Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.  
 New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.  
 New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.  
 Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.  
 Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202. (617) 727-1614 XT360.  
 Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.  
 Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.  
 Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

## ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.  
 Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.  
 Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930. (978) 283-4695.  
 Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.  
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.  
 Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.  
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162  
 Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.  
 Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.  
 New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.  
 Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.  
 Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.  
 Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.  
 Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

## SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.  
 United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

## SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

## SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.  
 Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.  
 Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.  
 Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.  
 West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

## STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.  
 New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.  
 New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.  
 Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Midlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.  
 Steamship Historical Soc. of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

## TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.  
 Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.  
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.  
 Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.  
 Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.  
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
 Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.  
 Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.  
 Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.  
 Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.

Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: http://www.tsca.net/puget/  
 Sacramento TSCA, c/o Richard Ratcliff, 819 Columbia Dr., Sacramento, CA 95864. (916) 481-7642.  
 South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.  
 Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.  
 Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950, www: http://www.tsca.net/  
 Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.  
 Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.  
 Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.  
 TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.  
 Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.  
 Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

## TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.  
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.  
 S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.  
 Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

## TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.  
 World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

## WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.  
 North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.  
 Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

## WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.  
 Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.  
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.  
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
 Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.  
 Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.  
 The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.  
 Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

### Important Notice to all Activity Organizers

Anyone wishing to present detailed specific information about their events or activities should contact us about advertising. It's inexpensive (as little as \$6 per issue to reach 4,500+ subscribers) and you get all the space you wish to buy.

Advertising should appear in an issue at least a month ahead of the date of the event involved. To meet this lead time we need your ad copy two months (60 days) prior to the date of the event. Events and activities advertising will appear in the 1st issue of each month on our "Happenings" pages where readers will be accustomed to looking for it.

By asking you to pay a modest sum for the space you need, we will be able to pay for the added pages that will come to be necessary to provide this service, something we cannot afford to do at no cost.



# You write to us about...

## Experiences...

### The Way It Used To Be

I was on the ICW the other day and passed a truly ancient schooner of perhaps 35'. She was headed south, destination unknown, but from her appearance she had been traveling for a long time. I admired her lines, if not her maintenance, and wished her well.

This elderly vessel triggered a host of memories of the days when boats like her were common. As a child in the late thirties I lived in Bermuda on a little, very well protected cove called Salt Kettle. We faced Hamilton Harbor and getting up in the morning was always something of an adventure. Twice a week, regular as clockwork, the *Monarch* or the *Queen of Bermuda*, Furness ships, arrived from New York with their host of tourists. Once a month a vessel from the Lady Line came in from Boston. My Victorian mother always referred to them as the "Bitch Boats". It was the only vulgarity I ever heard her utter.

At quite frequent intervals, I would wake up to find a navy vessel, either British or American, had slipped in during the night and was anchored off Salt Kettle and more or less once each month a lumber schooner from Nova Scotia eased in to the harbor and anchored while she waited for dock space. To complete the picture, there were occasional yachts with uniformed crews and stewards in white uniforms serving tea (?) on an awning protected after deck.

Living in such a place it is no wonder that I fell firmly in love with boats and it was in Salt Kettle that I had the first one of my very own. She was a twelve foot punt and I rigged her with a mainsail which had begun life as a jib from one of the three 30' yachts for hire that moored in our cove. Applying sailing knowledge gleaned from many readings of the Arthur Ransom books I did manage to make her go to windward... just. She was named *Trusty*, but in reality was anything but that. The most vital piece of equipment aboard was the bailer.

Those were golden days. I got to know the crews on all the ferries and, if there was no sailing breeze, would ride with them, disappearing into the engine room to chat with the engineer when the vessel came in to Hamilton where fares were collected.

My school was on the other side of the harbor and generally I went to school aboard a 45' line runner used to take hawsters from the Furness ships to the dock. The ships then used their winches to move the vessels sideways into position, a system I have never heard of elsewhere.

By a stroke of sheer good fortune, I came to know a man who owned one of the larger islands on which were two world war one seaplane hangers, one of which was filled with boats left by Bermudians who went off to that conflict and never returned. The island owner felt that they had been left in trust and there they stayed. When I left Bermuda in late spring

of 1939 my own boat, and by then I had moved up to a 16' Bermuda racing punt, was stored in that same hanger. I have often wondered what happened to her and to the some fifteen other vastly more sophisticated vessels whose company she shared. For some reason, I did not leave the solid brass turnbuckles that adjusted her shrouds. They are still in the garage some sixty years later.

Looking back at that time, it seems to me that the access to boats and docks that was permitted to kids just does not exist today, probably because of insurance rules and restrictions, but it was a great time and a great place to grow up.

Tom Shaw, Wilmington, NC

### Looking Forward to Freshwater Cruising

I started sailing in 1970 in old Mystic, Connecticut as a teenager. From there I set sail aboard many of my own sailboats, a Blue Jay, a Catalina 22, an American 25, a Columbia 36, a Kalik 47 and a Camper & Nicholson 65. All of the late '70s and early '80s found me on these sailboats, living aboard going to college, and setting sail summers for Central and South America, Leeward and Windward Islands, the Falkland Islands, Bahamas and Caribbean, with four round trips through the Panama Canal.

Enough of the heavy cruising. Now I'm looking forward to cruising the freshwater of the USA. I actually thought at first that it was going to kill me moving to Minnesota, but it's the "Land of 1,000 Lakes".

I now believe that we get the most out of our small boats because they are convenient to take out on a moment's whim. When I overhear at area marinas the talk of their owners about all that has to be done to their boats docked there, I think someone should enlighten them on the concept that small is beautiful. I guess that's *MAIB's* mission statement. It sure caught my eye at the library in 1997 and I haven't read another boating rag since.

Eugene Lodrini, Old Mystic, CT

### New York Boating Groups

Since my father passed away in October, 1998 I've been paying attention to small boating here in New York city, sort of as a memorial to him. I've become active in two groups, one, Floating the Apple, I think your readers are aware of.

The other is the East River Crew (Community Recreation & Education on the Water), a startup group that sponsors activities and eventually wants to acquire a boathouse.

I think the Whitehall style boat is wonderful for our harbor and I've been taking photos of them and rowing as well.

Thank you so much for your support of my father's work over the years (Editor Comments: Bob Hawk was a frequent contributor to our pages of articles on his boat building projects, we owe him the thank you) and of small boating in general.

Mary Nell Hawk, New York, NY

## Useful Information...

### Junk Sail Sailing

Richard Carsen's excellent "Dreamboats...A Cheap Chinese Rig" motivates me to offer up a few outstanding points. As junk sails don't flog, the usual error made by newcomers is to pinch too much going to windward. For some reason, no one ever seems to tuft them to learn better what is going on with a sail that is both a fore and aft sail. Due to rectangular shape you can fly considerably more area than marconi types, which makes up for all sorts of aerodynamic inadequacies dogma points out. And, oho, how about the feared jibes! well, as the barndoor shape must push so much air ahead, the sail wafts around unbelievably gently. They do not heave to though, apparently the high pooped junk just ran with the wind or used the shape to stay rounded up.

Initially, we found a painter's drop cloth for a sail, marked prominently with "12x15/100" that gave the impression falsely of a large new class. As many junk sails are woven mat, the Chinese like the idea of relief between high pressure and low pressure sides as denoted with their fenestrated rudders also.

Carsen also thoughtfully points out miniaturizing a junk sail on a 7'-8' small scow. Perhaps this is where experimentation should begin to reveal a zillion things we should know about this ancient rig. I believe originally Tom Colvin pointed out the only thing the marconi sail excels in is going to windward. Certainly important but also interrelated with myriad difficulties and shortcomings.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA.

### About Stormsvala

I was recently given a copy of the August 15th issue of your magazine, in which you published information about John Shelley's Maine Watercraft Museum, because of his interest in acquiring the ketch *Stormsvala* for preservation. I was sure I'd never again see this unique vessel which my father, Dr. Alexander Forbes, had built.

I was dismayed that Mr. Shelley had apparently received some garbled information on the boat's history. While he did have her dimensions correct, as well as her designer F. Fenger and her date of construction (she was built in Copenhagen), Malcolm Forbes was not a part of *Stormsvala's* history. Malcolm Forbes' interest was apparently in immense luxury yachts, while *Stormsvala*, although well built, was designed with economy and simplicity in mind. No glitz whatsoever. She was a back to basics boat. She carried three wishbone sails and a mizzen on a track.

Her owner from 1938 to 1965 was Alexander Forbes of Milton, Massachusetts and Harvard Medical School. Our family cruised the Baltic in the summer of 1938 in her *Stormsvala* (which is Swedish for Stormy Petrel), was then loaded onto the deck of a freighter in Goteborg and brought to Boston. She spent the next 27 years based in Hadley Harbor on Naushon Island off Wood Hole, Massachusetts. The extent of her travels thence under my father's ownership was from the Chesapeake Bay to East Penobscot Bay in Maine. She was never used for scientific research, that is a different chapter in my father's life.



In 1931 Alexander Forbes bought a much used 97' schooner, *Ramah*, and at the request of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, mapped the theretofore unmapped northernmost coasts of Labrador. Contrary to the information Mr Shelley apparently received, he never sailed in any boat to Greenland. He did venture as far as Baffin Island. His three Labrador trips, the last augmented by a seaplane, are documented in his two books: *Northernmost Labrador Mapped From the Air*, American Geographic Society 1938; and *Quest for a Northern Air Route*, Harvard University Press, 1953.

To re-emphasize, Malcolm Forbes does not figure in any of Alexander Forbes' activities. The two men had never met and would not have had much in common.

To conclude *Stormsvala's* history, Roy Megargel bought her after my father's death in 1965. Several years later she was sold and finally stolen and used for drug running. The Coast Guard seized her and sold her at auction in Florida. Charles Adrian bought her sometime later.

I hope this resume clarifies the *Stormsvala* picture. We are all delighted that the Maine Watercraft Museum has chosen *Stormsvala* as a "unique and important boat" to be acquired for preservation. We can offer a black and white photograph of *Stormsvala* under full sail and several family members could provide often fascinating anecdotes of cruising with my father.

A. Irving Forbes, Naushon Island, MA

#### About Witchcraft

I couldn't believe it, there on the pages of the August 1st *MAIB* was some news about the *Witchcraft*. About six years ago I tried to buy that boat but finally decided against it as there was some soft wood and it looked like more than I wanted to deal with. But it was real fast and pointed as close as a wind vane. It sailed about like my friend Aussie Frey's Swedish 22 square meter.

I did buy a Sea Pearl 21 and am very glad I did. It is a versatile, no nonsense boat, and I even cruised the North Channel with friends a couple of times.

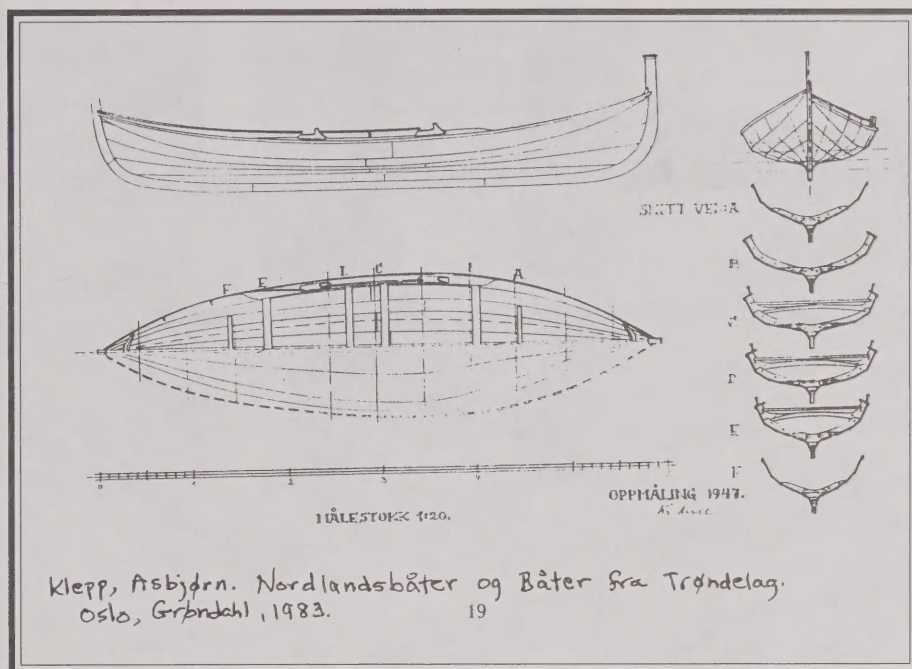
The new builders of Sea Pearls are nice guys. I turtled the boat doing something dumb. The main was badly torn and the mainmast was bent. I phoned the Sea Pearl guys, gave them my credit card number, and they said, don't worry, you'll be back sailing soon. I wanted to pass along that they are good people.

Bob Harrington, Lansing, MI

#### Finding/Saving Old Books & Magazines

I have given the New Hanover County Library *MAIB* from June 1, 1992. They are going to bind these. If any reader could fill in the collection prior to that date, I would be glad to pay the shipping. You recently mentioned that a couple of readers are preparing indexes. It would be great if those could be made available on computer diskettes, so they could be printed out. This would be especially useful for a library collection.

I recently found that their collection of *Small Boat Journal* had been discarded. The current administration is much more boat-minded and, as they have promised to have them bound, I am giving them my collection from the pilot issue through #79, beyond which they are no good.



#### It's Probably an Afjordsfaering

Perhaps you'd like to pass the enclosed plans on to Bob Smithson (page 5 of the July 15th issue). The photo is probably of an Afjordsfaering (4-oared boat of Afjord township just north of Trondheim). These boats were common along the Norwegian coast for transportation and fishing, varying slightly from fjord to fjord, and some employed as many as 10 pairs of oars, but given an appropriate

name to match the number of oars. They did sail, setting a square sail; now they are often modified for an outboard motor. The older boats used the shaped oarlocks as shown in the plan, rather than the double tholepins in the photograph.

The Apprenticeship in Rockland (Maine) was building some in the early days of the school.

Muriel H. Parry, Mitchellville, MD

I gave them my *Wooden Boat* collection from #1, which they have bound, and I supply them with the magazine on a continuing basis.

Does anyone have a collection of old *Rudder* and *Yachting* they would like to donate? I can dream, can't I? The Wilmington, Delaware, library had those magazines back to their beginnings. I went back there after I had been in Wilmington, North Carolina, a few years and they had gotten rid of them. What a tragedy!

Readers looking for out-of-print books should check these Internet sites, which combine the stocks of hundreds (thousands) of bookstores internationally:  
<http://abebooks.com> or <http://bibliofind.com>.

The only Bolger book available at the moment is *Boats With an Open Mind*, but within the past month there were copies of *Small Boats* and *Folding Schooner* (one in Australia) that went fast. Chapelle, Herreshoff, and Uffa Fox are pretty available.

Dave Carnell, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850

#### A V.S.T.E. for M.A.I.A.V.S.B.

(A very simple tiller extension for messing about in a very small boat)

It is very good to be able to put the tiller to where you want it, without going all the way there yourself, especially if you weigh, as I do, twice as much as the boat, in this case a Vanguard Pram, a recent rationalization of the 8' International Optimist Dinghy.

#### Bill of Materials:

1 2' (approx) length of 2" aluminum or fiberglass tubing

2 1/4" spherical plastic Stopper Balls, R199

1 3' (approx) length of 1/4" shock cord

1 rubber washer

1 plastic, open, clam cleat, Midi

#### Assembly:

Knot one end of shock cord  
Thread (to knot) one ball, tube, other ball, washer  
Thread unknotted end thru 1/4" hole drilled vertically thru tiller near forward end  
Screw clam cleat to underside of tiller  
Tension shock cord to taste, and cleat

Dick Besse, Skaneateles, N. Y.







## Wooden Canoe Heritage Association Assembly

By Roy Terwilliger

375 adults and 75 children descended on Paul Smith's College in the upper Adirondacks of New York state on July 21-25 for the 20th annual gathering (called an Assembly) of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association. There was something to do for everyone in the various categories of Construction/Repair, Canoe Handling and Camping. Of course, the kids had their own special program, including the construction of "kid canoes", and a fun-time with a clown who arrived in a canoe that looked like an airplane.

Thursday morning saw the beginning of the construction of a complete 15' canoe, which, it was promised, would be completed by 4pm Saturday. Other construction activities included paddle-making and hand-plane sharpening. There were many demonstrations

of canoe handling on the water, including the time-honored technique of "Omering". Meanwhile, the camping crowd was learning to pack a canoe, how to cook a gourmet meal around the fire, and many other canoe-camping related activities.

Evenings were enlivened with lectures in the auditorium. One was about the Chestnut canoes which were the celebrated canoes for this year, another a lecture on Friday night by University of Ottawa professor Jamie

Benidickson entitled "Idleness, Water, and a Canoe", which was the title of his recently published book of the same name. The unique title comes from a 1940 publication describing the ingredients of a holiday in Canada.

Saturday afternoon was the traditional auction of various donated items, and, in the middle of the auction, the canoe constructors carried high above their heads the finished canoe to be put in the water for a "leak test". Reports from the lake were excellent and the canoe was auctioned to the highest bidder. The last event of the gathering was the evening campfire with the traditional reading of Robert W. Service's poem, *The Cremation of Sam McGee*, and a songfest. This put everyone in the mood for a good sleep Saturday night to rest up for the long trip home on Sunday.

Canoes ready to put into the lake, including the writer's 1933 Old Town in the foreground which is exactly the same age as he is.



Members' canoes lined up for display.



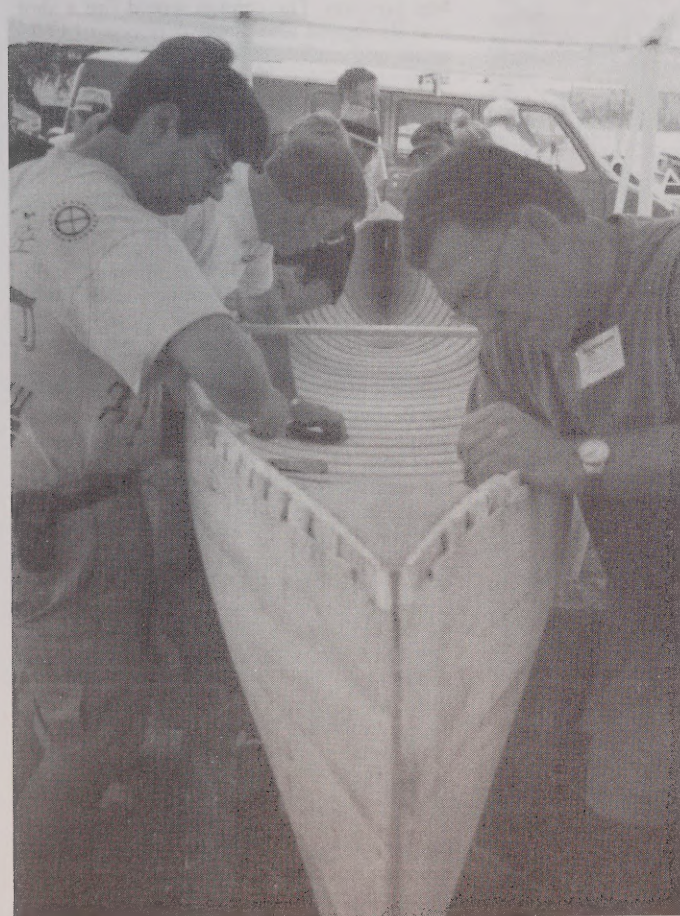




A clown arrives to entertain the kids.



Is it a plane or a canoe? The clown's transportation.



The new raffle canoe abuilding and enroute to its "sea trials" in the lake prior to being raffled off.







Raft up on the Rockland waterfront.



Light air, lazy day.

Meeting Roger Duncan (left) onboard his new 28' Fredonia type schooner *Dorothy Elizabeth*.



## Friendship Sloop Days Rockland Homecoming

By Greg Grundtisch

For the 39th year the Friendship Sloop Society held a series of races and events for its members. This summer at Rockland, Maine, there were 24 sloops ranging in size from 22' to 35' in length, all gaff rigged, some with topsails and flying jibs. The sight was spectacular as these handsome vessels with full press of sail streamed out past the Rockland breakwater to challenge each other in friendly battle. The start of each race looked like chaos times ten. Each skipper maneuvering for the best position. The cannon would fire a shot and all slipped into place. A ribbon of bowsprits and canvas that was nothing short of inspirational. A sailboat lover's dream.

For those not familiar with Friendship sloops, they are work boats developed for lobstering, handlining, seining for herring and other inshore fishing along the coast of Maine. They were developed in and around the town of Friendship Maine, in the 1880's. The development of dependable marine engines in the early 1900's was the beginning of their decline. Some were converted into yachts or used as day charters for sightseers. Most were left to rot or cut into firewood.

The Friendship Sloop Society was founded in 1961. The mission was to encourage the building restoration and sailing of these unique craft. The first year it attracted 22 members with 14 sloops racing. The Society now boasts 266 registered sloops and hundreds of members. Some sloops race with three generations aboard.

Supplementing the races are the Parade of Sloops, a spaghetti dinner, musical entertainment provided by Society members, events for the kids, and an awards banquet.

On Friday the sloops depart Rockland and sail to the town of Friendship, for Friendship Days. A member of the Society who lives on Bremen Island, hosts a lobster dinner for the members as a perfect ending to this fine event. The Homecoming was originally held in Friendship, but the gathering outgrew the available facilities so it was moved to Boothbay Harbor and then to its present location in Rockland at the town landing where the sloops can raft up together.

We watched the Parade of Sloops from the town landing where the people of Rockland reviewed the approaching sloops. Leading the parade was Commodore Tad Beck, in *Phoenix* #91 along with *Eastward* #6 at her side. *Eastward* was skippered by Capt. Alec Duncan, a third generation Society member. On the foredeck was Donald Duncan playing bagpipes to get things off to an official start and 22 more sloops followed past the waving, cheering crowd.

After the parade, we hurried out to the breakwater to watch the boats sail out of the harbor. We were visually transported back to 1880. You would wonder about the hearty men who could haul pots and control all that canvas, in high winds or on cold winter days. The work was hard and dangerous.



At the Awards Banquet my wife Naomi and I were introduced to the group by the Commodore. We were given a very warm welcome by all, as we had come over from Buffalo, New York to attend the Homecoming, having just finished restoring and launching our own sloop (see "A Friendship Sloop Returns to the Sea" in the August 15th issue).

As a result of this a gentleman walked up to us and introduced himself, Mr. Roger Duncan, the Society's Yearbook editor. I have wanted to meet Mr. Duncan for a long time as he has authored books on Friendship sloops, maritime history and cruising the New England coast, written hundreds of articles for various publications, and sailed extensively in his sloop *Eastward* along the Maine coast and

up into Canada. He had just handed over his sloop to his son Robert Duncan. Robert's son Alec runs day charters with it out of Boothbay Harbor

A highlight of the trip to Maine was to spend a little time with Roger and Mary Duncan. They made us feel welcome when we arrived unannounced. They are both very interesting people, and have accomplished much. They're a three-generation family of Friendship Sloopers, all accomplished and able sailors.

The time and effort to travel over 700 miles to attend the Homecoming was well worth it. Something like this cannot be experienced just anytime. It's unique, and I highly recommend it to anyone who has a love of clas-

sic or traditional sailboats.

Those interested in the Society or wishing to become members should contact the Friendship Sloop Society, Membership Chairman, 1297 Easton Rd. Sugar Hill, NH or at [www.FSS.ORG](http://www.FSS.ORG)

Suggested reading about these boats, their history, development, building would include *Friendship Sloop* by Roger Duncan. For an interesting look at cruising in a Friendship, read *Eastward*, also by Roger Duncan, or *Princess* by Joe Walters. Roger Duncan is about to release another book about the passing on of his sloop *Eastward* to his son and the building of his new schooner *Dorothy Elizabeth*. The builders, Ralph & Richard Stanley of Southwest Harbor Maine, are also Society members and long time Friendship sloop builders.

## Gallery



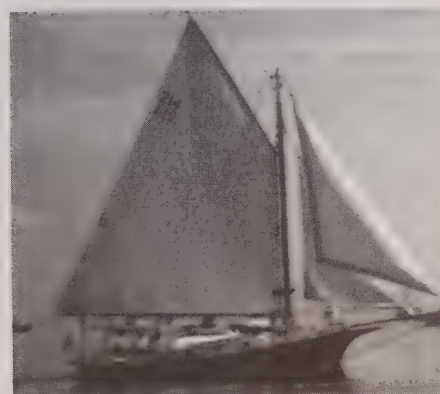
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*Departure*



*Eagle*



*Gaivota*



*Lady M*



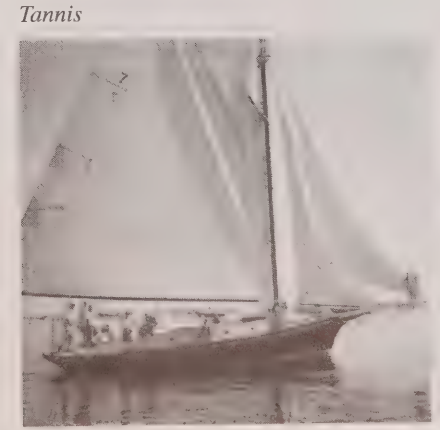
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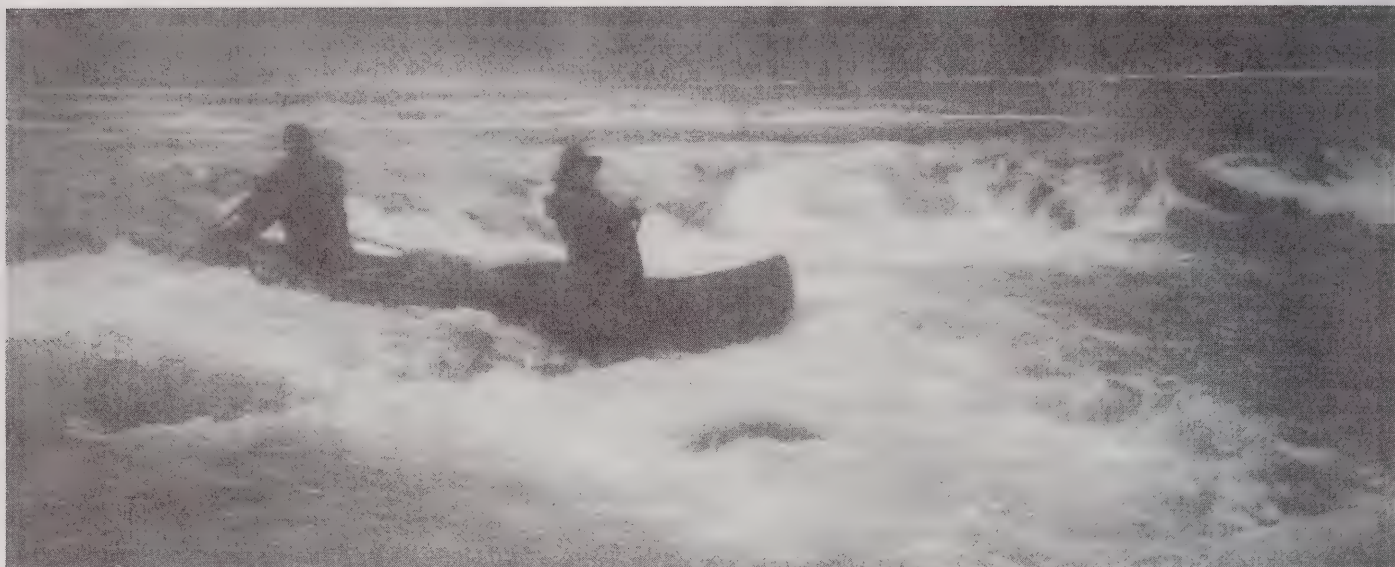


*Sorceress*



*Tannis*





Descending the "Stairs."

**Wednesday, 17 June, 1998: Class IV Rapids Camp to Gravel Bar Camp.** Waking up early to a pounding downpour. I remembered the wet clothing I had strung out overnight to dry. Throughout the camp, clothes dangling from lines, branches, and trees were being doubly washed. A few drops of water landed on my sleeping bag, so I tightened all the tent zippers to prevent further soaking. Others in our party later told me they cursed roof holes that were supposedly patched, until the rains began. I dozed off and awoke some hours later at daybreak.

The rain had stopped. I pulled my writing pad from a plastic sandwich bag and jotted down trip notes from the previous day. "Gosh, I do love it," I wrote, "despite the rain, the midges, and wet clothes, which can only diminish a tiny fraction of my enjoyment of it." I threw on some dry clothes and zipped open the tent door, anxious to get back on the river.

The great moment of every day was backpaddling out in our loaded canoe and peeling out into the main current of the river. As Dwayne and I headed downstream, my muscles and spirits felt good. We paddled maybe half a dozen strokes before ferrying hard to river left to ride up on the shoreline rocks. We quickly leapt out to begin lining, as the quick water we had left accelerated into a churning, snowy obstacle course. We lined the canoes, half stumbling on slippery or uneven rocks, with plenty of slack to allow swinging around exposed boulders. After twenty minutes of boulder-by-boulder, swing-out-and-swing-in releasing and yanking, with occasional four-person efforts to haul canoes over ledges, we bypassed the rapids and were ready for a very short paddle to approach The Stairs. Ahead I saw a horizon where the water level, rocks, and the river itself simply disappeared as the Bonaventure dipped below our line of vision. We landed immediately on river right and hiked downstream to scout.

The Stairs are well named, five successive ledge drops, the second from the top particularly pronounced, with a two-to-three-foot pitch. The whole fifty-yard descent of the "steps" demand a screaming right turn at the bottom to swing around a cliff, strong stuff in the event of a dump. Everyone in our party

## Bonaventure-2 From the Gaspé Highlands To the Sea

By Richard E. Winslow III

clambered over the rocks, scanning the potential run with the most discerning eye. Marsha and I, both paddling bow in separate boats, felt The Stairs could be canoeable, but only with a perfectly executed run. The slightest mistake, a sudden shift of weight, or an imperfect set-up at the beginning with a foot off either way through the chute, would invite disaster. Even before the scouting ended, Marsha and I elected to walk, whereupon Jim and Dwayne volunteered to take our places in attempting to take the boats down in separate runs. As Larry walked back to his canoe to begin his test run for everyone to watch, the other guides manned the shoreline at strategic points with their throwbags, ready for any emergency.

Larry approached The Stairs in slow motion, making sure he would catch the slightly depressed lip of the second ledge. He was in top form easing down, executing the entire route with the precision of an engineer. The run was fast, half airborne over the drops, a jerky final flutter in heavy water, then a right turn, all done in a matter of seconds. As Larry flashed by, our cameras swung with him to record his feat. Within minutes, Larry came hiking back to direct those who would follow. At staggered intervals, the others followed suit. Roger and Joan made a beautiful run, then the newly formed team of Dwayne and Jim, and so forth. It almost began to look routine. I leapt down, boulder by boulder, to reach the end of the run and the right turn that hid the eddy. Then I heard a yell and great commotion. I turned to look backward to see Shauna and Bahia in the water, thrown from their capsized boat. In seconds, a perfectly upright craft had become a swamped canoe. The water was pouring in over the left gunwale. Dwayne and two or three others rushed into the river to grab the runaway canoe. The rescue party brought the women to shore. They were uninjured, more surprised than anything else. Shauna,

wearing a wet-suit, needed only a moment to regain her composure. Bahia, on the other hand, wearing wool pants and shirt, was totally soaked and needed a complete change of clothing. Within minutes they were able to joke about the dump. Jamie had captured the whole incident on his camcorder, and he rolled the tape. The women were the first to view it, first watching glumly, and then breaking into laughter.

As Larry remarked, "The origin of the accident had occurred even before the second stair. The set-up was off." On the approach, the canoe leaned too much to the left; with the hull tilting, the sweep over the second ledge accelerated and compounded what was already underway. All the gear was tied in (expedition policy) and remained intact. Our party was prepared and very fortunate. We simply bailed out the canoes at our eddying-out sanctuary and soon paddled away.

Within a few minutes on river left, we noticed a tributary cascading loudly into the Bonaventure, which widened and picked up more and more water for the next two days. The cascade only hinted at what lay above. We landed and trudged up a steep hill through a thicket and discovered an unnamed 75' waterfall plunging into a scenic pool. This locale was not even depicted on the topo map. It is now marked in ink on our map as "Picture Falls", and true to its name, we all snapped numerous photographs.

After our usual stand-up lunch downstream on river right, we were off again. No matter how heartily we ate, we had work to do, and any heaviness or sluggishness quickly wore off. All afternoon, unsettled weather hovered over us, and we hastened toward our proposed campsite. The Bonaventure rolled on, with rapid after rapid, screaming left and right turns, and hidden rocks we'd see only at the last minute. The rollicking river played with us like a coquettish kitten.

During a late afternoon candy break, Larry held forth with a story from his previous year's trip. "On this same stretch of river," he said, "our party had eddied out for a brief break and saw ten girls from Montreal paddle by. On that sweltering day, the girls evidently thought they had the remote Bonaventure to themselves, and all were in the nude. After a



discreet wait, our party peeled back into the river. Within a few minutes, we unexpectedly caught up with the girls, as one of their canoes had dumped. They were trying to rescue themselves, along with their canoe and gear. We volunteered our help and extricated them. Then the girls paddled off in a casual and unaffected manner."

Gravel Bar Camp had many tentsites, all open and unprotected, with shrubs and saplings set back from the river. The vegetation provided a home for the midges and mosquitoes, which instantly greeted us. The flat tentsites were on fine sand, and soon grains were clinging to our boots, clothes, skin, tents floors, air mattresses, and everything else. Firewood posed no problem, as Larry used his chainsaw to cut branches and roots from a tree trunk washed up near the landing.

It was steak night, with baked potatoes and veggies; Larry grilled the meat to order from the large skillet. Marsha's red wine complemented the steak perfectly.

**Thursday, 18 June: Gravel Bar Camp to Foggy Camp.** Lightning stabbed and thunder crashed during the night. Even with my eyes closed, I could sense the white intensity of each flash, with the clap following so close at times I thought the next would strike my tent. After a torrential downpour raked the area, the storm finally moved away and quiet returned.

When I poked my head out in the early morning, a layer of fog had settled over the valley, especially thick on the river itself. After a breakfast of blueberry pancakes (those not consumed were packed away to be served as "biscuits" at lunch), we swung into the current again. Dwayne and I were glad to be back on the river, as if we had been paddling for weeks and knew no other life.

The thick fog bank clung close to the water, as solid-looking at times as a white wall. At other times, it became more transparent. Larry, in the lead, would pick up the sound of the water and ride the rapids down a chute and around a curve, disappearing into the fog for several seconds. Then his hat would appear above the fog bank, next his head and shoulders, and finally the rest of him and his canoe, all intact. It seemed almost surrealistic. For the next hour, we all played a delightful cat-and-mouse game with the fog, "a whole new dimension to canoeing," as someone remarked, until the swirling whiteness began to evolve into a fine mist we could see through. Throughout our Bonaventure trip, Dwayne always alerted me to special trees, plants, and birds. "Many of the plants are just coming out here now," he said. "They have been blooming and growing in Maine for over a month." The appearance of any bird along the river, whether high above or skimming over the water, attracted his attention instantly. Ahead, mergansers and their young, alarmed by our approach, thrashed and fluttered to take off, while rough-legged hawks soared overhead. Other birds we saw frequently were the Canada jay, or camp robber, and the white-throated sparrow. After lunch, Dwayne made a rare sighting. Flying upstream close to the water was a harlequin, a blackish duck with yellow circles around its eyes. "The harlequin has been on the endangered species list in the United States," Dwayne said. "It is gradually coming back, but it's rarely seen."

Late in the afternoon, I noticed a sign, "G-102, TOM BEAN," nailed prominently to



Lining to bypass Class IV rapids.

a tree. Other signs at 200 to 300 yard intervals bore the names of "RUSSELL", "FOSTER", "INDIAN FALLS", and "GRAND BLACK", with numbers in descending order. "G-1" would be the farthest downstream. These were salmon pool sites. The Quebec government issues an annual permit to the lessee, who then controls the fishing rights to an individual or corporate section of the river. I learned later that there are 103 permits, so I must have missed the first sign as we paddled by.

Soon, as the current diminished, our canoeing party came upon a salmon fisherman casting his line from the middle of a canoe. A guide in the stern was in charge of the motor, one in the bow handled the anchor and net. We waved and paddled wide to avoid disturb-

ing the well-outfitted sport, who was paying dearly for his fishing privilege. Someone in our group asked softly if they had caught any fish, and one guide spread his arms wide. In another such encounter, the guide shook his head dejectedly.

It was almost six o'clock when we pulled in on river left and landed on a gravel bar. This place was the only decent campsite to put us in position for our next-day take-out. Downstream, civilization encroached. Our home for the night was a duplicate of the camp we had just left, plenty of unprotected sites, fine clinging sand, midges and mosquitoes, and a large uprooted tree for Larry's chainsaw. Rain arrived quickly, so we ate our spaghetti and meatballs under the cook fly. The river fog

Poling into the fog.





soon rolled in, and I was happy to be settled for the night at Foggy Camp.

**Friday, 19 June, 1998: Foggy Camp to Hotel Chateau Blanc.** Foggy Camp lived up to its name, with a morning mist on the river. Under the cook fly, Larry prepared a special breakfast for us. With his spaghetti-sauce leftovers he created his version of huevos rancheros, carefully dropping about 15 eggs into the bubbling broth from the previous night's supper of onions, mushrooms, tomatoes, and peppers. The eggs were poached in the sauce and the dish was as savory as it sounds, a robust breakfast to set us up for a hard day on the river. In Canada, this dish is known as Eggs Gilles, named for its inventor, Gilles Brideau, the famed river guide who years before had pioneered commercially guided trips on the Bonaventure.

As we were breaking camp for the last time, a motorboat rattled by, carrying two fishing guides and their client. During that morning, we encountered many fishing parties on the river, their access made all the easier by a dirt road cut into the hillside on river right. One party had caught a 34-pound Atlantic salmon the previous day. Every now and then we saw a camp, with a path leading to water's edge and a dock.

One fishing boat was heading for shore as Dwayne and I paddled by. The guide told us they had caught a 12-pound salmon, and he and his client proudly lifted it in a classic fisherman's pose for us to photograph. "We catch Atlantic salmon here," the guide explained, "with some pools very productive and others barren. I am not aware of any fish being caught in this pool for the last four or five years. Molson's of Montreal controls this ten-mile stretch of river. It costs \$1,000 a day

to fish here, room and board included." Dwayne and I thanked our newfound friend and promised that someday we would return if we were ever making that kind of money.

With each passing mile we noticed more parked cars and trucks, trailers, newly built cabins, even a new bridge over the Bonaventure. Workmen were grading the approach as we paddled under the span. At noon, on river left, about 20 or 30 fishermen were casting from shore, while one or two boats were anchored in the middle of the river. The village of Bonaventure evidently allows its inhabitants free fishing or charges them a nominal fee for a license. We enjoyed our final picnic lunch on the Bonaventure, which still showed plenty of kick and energy and powerful rapids.

As we had done briefly on our way in, we stopped to see Gilles Brideau at his camp.

"Have you enjoyed the Bonaventure?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," we all answered.

"Would you canoe it again?"

"Absolutely!"

"I have canoed the Bonaventure fifty times," Gilles said, "and it is different every time, sometimes sunny, sometimes foggy, sometimes rainy, and always a beautiful river." Gilles was conversant on almost any topic, river news, Canadian-American relations, the fate of humankind, and his direct personal relationship with the Almighty. In his typical humorous style, Gilles told us he expected to live to 104, and he had it all arranged. Larry confessed he'd attempted to talk to the Man Upstairs but had never received an answer. "No wonder," Gilles explained, "God speaks only French."

We reluctantly took leave of Gilles and pushed on. The river was now flat and a quarter mile wide as it meandered majestically toward the sea. Riverfront camps lined the banks. Boys fished from sand bars. Ahead a long

bridge spanned the mouth of the Bonaventure. Soon I had my first whiff of salt air, and shortly thereafter noticed gulls flying overhead.

After rounding a jetty and passing under the bridge, we paddled out into Chaleur Bay, named by Jacques Cartier for the sultry weather he encountered while reconnoitering around there in 1535. Now, more than 460 years later, we ourselves experienced relatively warm temperatures. The sun was valiantly attempting to break through, the first sunshine we'd encountered on the entire expedition. It was a fine omen for ending the trip.

We headed toward a prominent landmark, the steeple of the village Catholic church. I reluctantly paddled that last mile, knowing that all too soon a final stroke would land *Obe* on the beach for take-out. With sadness, Dwayne and I heard the hull rasp along the sand in front of the Hotel Chateau Blanc across the street from the church, established in 1760. Camp that night would be an oceanfront hotel bedroom. As we carried our gear up to the hotel veranda, I glanced toward the dining room. A woman seated there saw us through the window and appeared rather startled by the appearance of modern-day voyageurs.

That evening, we enjoyed a marathon three-hour dinner in the dining room. Along with others, of course, I ordered salmon.

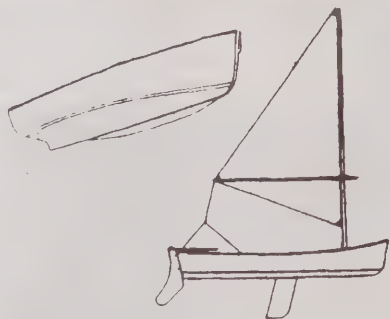
Our friend Gilles was right. I know I shall return to the Bonaventure, just as the returning salmon instinctively swim upstream. The Bonaventure tugs at the heart, a river never to be forgotten by anyone who has ever paddled or fished its magical waters.

**Practical Information:** For those intending to descend the Bonaventure River, an experienced party with strong leadership should have little difficulty. Less-skilled canoeists, for their own safety, ought to engage the services of an outfitter/guide. I strongly advise anyone unfamiliar with the area to seek local directions in locating the hard-to-find put-in at the northern end of Bonaventure Lake.

The seven Quebec topographical map quadrangles, covering the trip from the lake to the sea, are: Lac Madeleine, Ruisseau Lesseps, Mont Alexandre, Riviere Reboul, Lac McKay, New Richmond, and New Carlisle. These essential maps are available from Canada Map Office, 615 Booth Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0E9.

Four outfitters are currently available: (1) Gilles Brideau, Cime Aventure, 200, Chemin A. Arsenaux, Bonaventure, Quebec G0C 1E0, Tel. (418) 534-2333, whose many services include a shuttle to the put-in; (2) Michael Patterson, Wilds of Maine Guide Service, Inc., 6 Abby Lane, Yarmouth, Maine 04096, Tel. (207) 846-9735; (3) Martin Brown, Sunrise County Canoe Expeditions, Inc., Cathance Lake, Grove Post Office, Maine 04638, Tel. (207) 454-7708; and (4) Warren Cochrane, Allagash Canoe Trips, P.O. Box 713, Greenville, Maine 04441, Tel. (207) 695-3668.

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The *Hi-C* took UJ and various crews as far up the Hudson River as Rhinebeck and as far east as New London, Connecticut, and I don't know how many points between. I recall only a few specific times underway, but they are quite vivid. One was cruising the "Kill van Kull" with me at the helm. They stood me on top of a barstool so I could reach the top spokes of the wheel and maybe see a bit over it. The concrete massifs that support the Bayonne Bridge survived my attempted ramming. Actually, I was removed from my post long before anyone at the Port Authority got nervous.

A favorite day trip for boat and crew was to go up the Hudson to just north of the GWB and drop anchor in the cool shade of the palisades. A portable Philco radio reported on that day's progress of the Brooklyn Dodgers. I'm told that I took great delight in "pushing" the swimmers off the stern into the water. I'm also told that there was always a long line and a float trailed aft in the water so the swimmers could get back to the boat against the tide. The little red lighthouse at the east foot of the bridge got some brief attention. What I'll never forget was at the end of these days the sun would set to just a certain angle and reflect from the windows of the apartment buildings on Manhattan that are north of the bridge. Those buildings seemed to explode with that unbearably brilliant, intense orange. I still sometimes look for it, but I guess you need to be on the water for its full impact.

Another afternoon outing found UJ and I with a suddenly very silent engine. He used the mighty "ship to shore" to summon the heroes of the Atlas. By the time they arrived night had fallen, and I awoke from my nap to see the New York skyline ablaze with lights. Wow! A broken wire that supplied the ignition coil caused the engine problem. Don't ask how I remember, but the wire had orange braided cloth insulation.

In 1953 UJ married Stella Bell. They and the *Hi-C* were in the Coast Guard Auxiliary and did whatever it was that Coast Guard Auxiliaries do. In 1956, I think, they bought the place on the Manasquan River at Point Pleasant Beach and sailed the boat to its new home there. After a year or two it was sold to someone from Philadelphia. We've never heard or seen anything about it since then.

Compared to today's lightweight, fast-turning, and efficient power plants, the *Hi-C*'s engine was massive and did its work at low revs. These properties, though, made it run smoothly and, most of all, quietly. Her displacement hull glided through the water rather than bouncing over it. Dad said that she only "pounded" once, when he misjudged his approach to a tugboat's wake. Another tugboat's wake claimed the *Hi-C*'s boat pole, which rolled off the foredeck. Someone had forgotten to stow it properly. In all the tales that I've heard, that was the worst and only catastrophe ever to strike the fabled *Hi-C*.

**DAHIRB - Don't ask how I remember but...**

The Philco portable radio had a brown plastic case. It used two batteries that fit inside it. The whole thing was perhaps the size of a laptop. The batteries were the "A" battery and the "B" battery. The "A" was actually four flashlight cells, and their function was to supply the six volts that heated the filaments in the tubes that glowed inside. The "B" was a



## Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut

Boating from Behind  
the Statue of Liberty

By Steve Turi © 1998

I must down to the seas again, for  
the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may  
Not be denied.

John Masfield

## Cruises on the *Hi-C*

dry cell too, but it supplied 87-1/2 volts! I think a new "B" battery must have cost a week's salary, didn't last very long, and its use was conserved like water in the desert.

### John Noble

As boats enter or leave the Atlas basin, they pass a slowly eroding fleet of the wrecks of old wooden sailing ships. They were either abandoned or sunk there deliberately to form a breakwater in front of what was once Port

Johnston, a coal terminal. I remember feeling a bit creepy when we would pass these ghosts. Some of them had hawse pipes in their bows, which appeared to my young eyes like faces bearing nasty, leering expressions. Visible then were traces of their Plimsoll marks, which I asked about. It was explained that they were used to make dangerous overloading obvious and thus more easily preventable.

Sometime in the '70s, UJ was sorting some old papers and such. I noticed some papers on which were pencil sketches and they looked vaguely familiar. UJ said, "They were drawn by an artist," a term he never used lightly. His name was John Noble. UJ said that Noble had once asked him to pose for some sketches; he wanted to draw the folds in UJ's pants legs to get them just right, etc. UJ obliged. Some time later Noble thanked him by giving him these drawings which I was then looking at. UJ said Noble was not only an artist but an accomplished seaman as well. He lived on a floating barge at or near the Atlas. His quarters on the barge were comprised of a cabin removed from an old yacht. UJ claimed that, using only a sailboat, Noble had towed this barge to Bayonne from Nova Scotia.

Last summer, 1997, Lynn and I visited Mystic Seaport. I asked in the Seaport art gallery if they might find any information about John Noble. Expecting a puzzled look and maybe a peek in their computer, I was surprised when Noble's name brought instant recognition. I was shown some prints of his pencil drawings, which carried prices far beyond my budget. I was then led to the Seaport bookstore where I bought their last copy of a book called *The Rowboat Drawings*, written by Erin Urban. She is the curator of Noble's estate and is establishing a gallery of his works at the Snug Harbor Center on Staten Island.

There is no mention in her book of Noble towing his barge from Nova Scotia, but she does state that he traveled far and wide in a rowboat and a small sailboat, drawing and making notes along the way. He documented the waterfront and vessels from the 1928 to 1983. Reproduced in the book are some of his drawings of the ship hulks which guard the entrance to the Atlas. Their names and when and where they were built are also listed. The gloomy stare of their "eyes" has succumbed to time and nature, but you can still see the curves of their massive planks when the tide is out.

Erin Urban, *The Rowboat Drawings*. Published by the John A. Noble Collection 1988.

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I was docked in Apalachicola on the Florida panhandle. I awoke in the morning to be told that a hurricane had made up in the Gulf of Mexico. A very small violent storm was to make landfall late that day somewhere around my location.

I had bought a 22' Tanzer sailboat in New England and had motorsailed it down to Florida (chronicled in eight issues of *MAIB*, from February through September, 1994 as "Flight of the *Damn Foole*"). I paid \$4,000 for it with the centerboard jammed up into the trunk. It contentedly remained jammed up in the trunk and had not affected the boat's seaworthiness or my seamanship. On the west coast of Florida I met, and was in the company of, the skipper of a small catamaran. We were on our way to Mexico.

I suggested that we go to a local diner where, over coffee and breakfast, we could look over our charts and decide what to do and where to go. He would have none of that delay and asked me to help him lower his mast and get away.

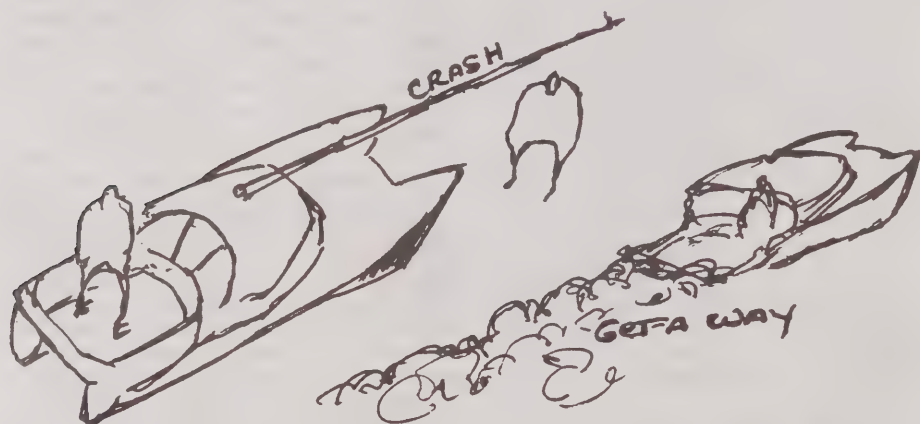
"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

That's not very sensible," I said.

"I don't care, I'm going to get away and run up some river as far as I can."

He motored his catamaran up onto the boat ramp, unfastened the forestay and, not waiting for me to help, let the mast come crashing down. He lashed it down and roared off to God knows where.



The rest of the boats in the anchorage all left in a panic also. No one seemed to know where they were going. After watching them leave, I had breakfast, remembering an old mariner saying that one should never let an impending disaster interfere with a good meal. I don't mean to infer that things don't upset me. Petty things do, but major things either spark my interest or leave me indifferent.



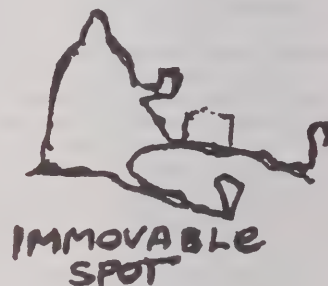
## A Mariner Awaiting the End

By Tom McGrath

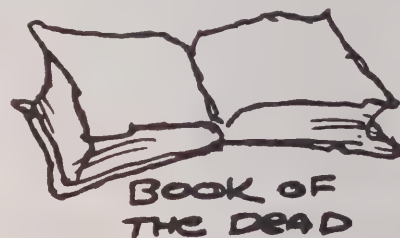
I returned to the boat, no knowing what to do, and disinterested enough to decide to continue on to Mexico. I threw off the dock lines and motored back into the inland waterway heading west. Commercial trawlers, sport fishermen and large pleasure craft were passing me at top speed going in both directions like crazy wasps.

Later in the day they apparently had all found refuge for I was the only one on the water continuing along at a comfortable 3 knots, hoping to find a place to anchor for the night. But, I waited to long to decide, the sun had set and twilight was waning when I pulled off into an elbow off the waterway and anchored in a treeless marsh.

Finishing lunch, I took the mainsail off the boom and the jib off the forestay, set another anchor and cleared the topside, stowing everything below. I took one final look around. There were no trees to shelter me from the wind, no houses or passing boats to ask for help, so I went below and closed and locked the hatch. I made a large pot of tea and lay on the bunk drinking honey sweetened tea and listening to *The Well Tempered Clavichord* by Sebastian Bach, grateful that I had no one else onboard to worry about or to have to listen to their rantings.



I felt I had accidentally attained the "immovable spot" of Bhuddism, the position beyond fear and desire. Nothing could influence me. I thought of the instructions on how to die in the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. It said that once you get beyond the fear and the pain it is quite pleasureable as you relinquish concerns, possessions, relationships, and quietly return to the place you were before you were born, where there was no judgement, no reward or punishment, no continuation, no returning in another form, no karma. Just blessed, merciful nothingness.



I made a late lunch while listening to the weather report on my small radio. It told me that hurricane *Erin* would make landfall that night at Mexico Beach. I looked on my chart. I was anchored slightly inland of Mexico Beach. I concluded that things are decided for undecided people.



I fell asleep, later the sound of the wind in the rigging and the motion of the boat awoke me. I opened the hatch to see how bad conditions were, prepared to enjoy the event. The sun had risen in a blue sky with a few swiftly moving clouds. The wind was blowing the marsh grass flat. Where was the storm?

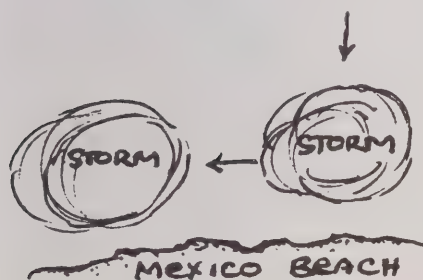




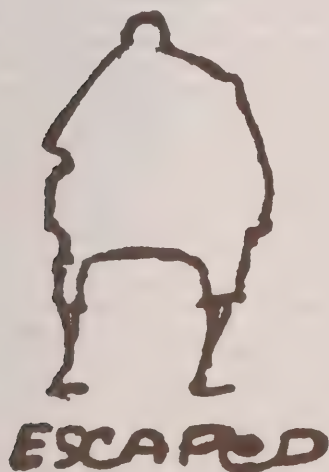
## WHERE'S THE STORM?

The radio announced that the storm had been delayed and would make landfall late that morning at Mexico Beach. Good! It was good to be told what to expect things to do. I made breakfast and waited for my last blissful experience. The wind abated, the sky cleared entirely. By noon I was topside in the sunshine, disappointed.

The radio apologetically informed me that the violent tropical storm *Erin* had made a right turn just before making landfall and raced down the coast after the fleeing boats.



I learned later that most were sunk by each other. The catamaran had been tied with 18 lines to trees in a remote river and was crushed by a steel hulled houseboat that had never been seen before the storm. The skipper escaped and joined me later, and so I now end this tale of a mariner awaiting the end.



# The Reynolds

By Robb White

We had a bunch of little boats when I was a boy but the most important one was the Reynolds. My family had always followed the laissez-faire method of child rearing and that old Reynolds made us all as free and wild as any civilized children could possibly be. My father was a writer, so capable that he could make a living by just doing a little typing early in the morning before breakfast. Once, he showed me as an example how easy it was. He wrote a story before breakfast and sent it off to a magazine in the early mail. The check for fifteen hundred bucks came two days later. I have never been able to do that but, because of the freedom of his life and the freedom of use of the Reynolds, I do know a thing or two about a thing or two.

Most of the time, we lived in a house on the beach about half way between Carrabelle and East Point in the panhandle of Florida. It was a big ramshackled old log house that was built around nineteen ten by one of the pioneer Florida rich men, cohort of Ralph Munroe and Flagler and Disston and Herreshoff and people like that, as a gift for his beloved and peculiar daughter. She never went to that house, not even one time. When we bought it in 1947 the carpenter's scraps and sawdust were still on the floors of all the rooms. There wasn't an electrical wire in the place. It had a railroad-style windmill well pump. At first, the only electrical thing was my father's old battery powered Halcrafters radio and the only machines were his typewriter, the car in the yard and the outboard on the Reynolds.

That Reynolds was one of the pioneer aluminum boats, built by Reynolds Aluminum Company. It must have come out of some WW II project because I am sure I remember it in 1946 when my father came back from the war. It was a pretty stylish old boat. The hull was shaped sort of like one of the "tri-hull" butt pounders of the sixties and seventies. It actually had a center "V" and two side convolutions of the bottom. The bow was round, with a big useless foredeck and a streamlined, futuristic looking cast aluminum cleat. The transom had the good tumblehome of the time (you can say what you want to about tumblehome but the fact of the matter is, the shape allows a convexity to the rails in the stern that strengthens a small planing skiff). It had a red streak of lightning, factory painted down both sides to make its intentions clear. The stern seat was of big "U" shaped plywood and there was only one center seat.

Between the center thwart and the stern was a peculiar thing. A spring-loaded, cast aluminum eye was welded into the bottom of the boat and stuck way up, most handily, right in front of the man at the motor. Even now after some fifty years, my right hand still longs to grab that eye when I am standing at the tiller of any boat when it lurches wrong. Actually, I sort of miss the whole boat. That eye was part of a very peculiar trailer arrangement. The Reynolds came with a hump-backed, welded steel pipe trailer that straddled the boat with its wheels. There was a tongue that stuck into the springloaded eye of the boat and, by prying down on the hitch of the trailer, one (or two if the motor was on it) could lift the old

Reynolds right out of the water and hook up to the car and drive off with it.

It sounds like a wonderful idea but there were several things that went wrong in our situation. First, we had to unhook the trailer from the car to hook up to the eye and then it was a struggle, with the heavy Reynolds hanging, to haul it back to the trailer ball. Even then, it didn't tow worth a damn with all that negative hitch weight. We always left the whole rig up in the sea oats and only used the fool trailer to launch the boat and never hauled it over the road. Finally the aluminum wheel hubs and the steel wheel bearings got together to finish off the whole trailer program, then we dragged the boat to the water. We did it eagerly too, I must say.

The old Reynolds was only twelve feet long and built out of thick aluminum. Might as well have been lead. It took us all to get it to the water, but then, after we clamped the motor on, like *Where The Wild Things Are*, the wild rumpus began. We were a hardcharging little crew. I was the oldest so I was the boss. There were a variable number of my cousins, both boys and girls, some almost babies and my two sisters and the girl (best friend of the oldest sister) who would wind up as my wife. Altogether, the whole bunch of children at the coast house averaged around seven or eight and usually all of them wanted to go.

As I said, we were not supervised by our parents at all, didn't even have to come home for meals but if we did, there it was, if we could find it. We were even exempt from evening muster and often stayed out all night rampaging up and down the wild shore in that old Reynolds. When we ran out of gas, we just rowed and towed. Five little boogers on the towline are just about equivalent to five horsepower, better in the shallow water of the flats around here.

It would be easy to pass judgement on our parents and say that they were negligent. Of course, memory is selective, but I can't recall any time when we were in any more danger than if we had been "properly" supervised. Children who know that they are on their own are pretty cautious and there were so many of us that the chance of one little one drowning, unnoticed was pretty slim. Besides, around here, shallow water is more of a problem than deep. As they say, "On the flats, a man would have to dig a hole if he wanted to drown." We were always so busy going where we needed to go that there was no fighting or meanness, all we wanted to do was to facilitate the progress. Those grown folks weren't negligent, not at all.

The whole Reynolds business took up several years and we all grew up while it happened. Little girls with the tops of their bathing suits hauled way down to their waists (my skinny little wife-to-be too) by the hard charging had to change their ways. And the intensity of our progress through the shallow water from one important destination to the other was such that little ones usually wound up naked.

There was one very persistent little fella. We tried to leave him at home because he was so slow, waddling along behind but just about the time we would be getting in the boat, here he would come down the path from the house hollering "Wait the boat, wait the boat." When towing time came, he refused to be a non-participant and just ride in the boat but he was so slow that his efforts to help held back



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the progress of the marauding. We dragged him while he held onto the painter, little naked body trailing along behind, diaper long gone, short legs working. We did that so much with that little boy that he had calluses on his hands before he was two and because he always trailed along the same way on the towline, he was darker on one side than the other, kind of like a flounder. At least his bottom eye didn't drift around to the dark side. He still lives around here, says his whole life has gone downhill since those days.

There was another little boy who had a black wool bathing suit that never seemed to get wet. He could swim around in it all day long and when he got out, his bathing suit was just as dry as anything. We all marveled at it and got him to let us try it on to see what it felt like. As the years went by, the moths ate bigger and bigger holes in his bathing suit and when he took it off, he had a pattern of their work tanned onto his hide. He was a pusher. I mean, when we towed the boat (which was most of the time) he pushed on the stern with one or two other little ones. Because of that, the moth hole patterns on his back side were darker than on the front.

One time, he was pushing on the foot of the engine when it came unlatched and tilted down. He busted his lip something awful and didn't cry a single squawk even though he was only about five years old. He was a tough little booger, a neighbor kid, not of the family, so he had to go home to eat and sleep. I remember him trudging reluctantly off down the beach, all by himself when the time came. He is an electrical contractor in Tallahassee now, still has that scar on his lip from where he bit that chunk of aluminum out of the foot of that motor. He does not have that bathing suit anymore though. I think Jacques Cousteau wound up with it.

As I said, these expeditions sometimes kept us away from the house for a long time. Though we always took, at my mother's insistence, five whole gallons of ice water in an old galvanized cooler with a ceramic liner (a heavy thing), the food usually ran short. We, like the loose fruit flies in a genetics lab, offspring of the special ones that lived with their deformities, in jars, regressed to "wild type". The deformities of our civilized tastes disappeared in the face of plain old starvation. We,

like the wild type fruit flies, would have jumped on a rotten banana in a minute but there wasn't any such thing.

We squatted like varmints on oyster bars, silently at work with our screwdrivers. The kid with the bathing suit loved the little oyster crabs and ate them raw, just chewed them up whole. We had to open oysters for the little naked ones, but they didn't mind a little grit at all. We ate, immediately, every scallop we found, mantle, viscera, eyes and all (to me, even now that my experience has broadened, there is no better snack).

The whole time we were moving, we caught crabs and brought them along loose in the bottom of the boat, along with all the sea shells that the little ones thought they had to take home (there is a modern "shell midden" where the Reynolds was stored in the yard of that old house). When we got to a good stopping place, we would dip up some sea water in a foot tub, build a fire around it and boil all of those crabs. It was every man for himself when they got red. Sometimes, somebody nice, like my wife-to-be would pick out some for the little naked ones, but usually, they did it for themselves. The little ones ate so much shell that their excrement looked about like that of coons.


The little four toothed boy developed a strong liking for the contents of the crop and stomach of the crabs, called it "goody". If I had known what I know now, I probably would have stopped him. At least it didn't hurt him in the long run, and who was I to decide what it takes to make the time that is the pinnacle of a man's whole life?

Those old wonderful wild and naked days seemed to last forever. It seemed like I spent half my life in that old Reynolds, but the facts are the facts. What got the old boat was electrolysis and metal fatigue. It had wood rub-rails and sheer clamps and three oak runners screwed into grooves to stiffen the bottom. After the rot and termites of the beach and gribbles of the sea had eaten those off, we patched the screw holes with some stuff called Celastic, which was a little piece of stiff cloth that, when wet with some special solvent, got very sticky and would stay on the aluminum pretty good.

Though the bottom worked more in the chop and probably contributed to the metal fatigue along the chines, the absence of the bottom runners was better for the boat than the replacement of them. One winter, my father and uncle put new mahogany runners and rails on the old boat. It sure looked good like that, brass screws and stove bolts just gleamed beneath the varnish. They kept on gleaming all summer as the old Reynolds sacrificed itself to keep them shining.

By the summer of fifty-five most of the girls had pulled their bathing suits up, the babies were no longer naked and the old Reynolds was leaking so bad that we couldn't keep up with it and we went on to other (actually better) boats. Some of us became responsible adults after that. Sometimes at a family gathering, two old Republicans will exchange a certain look. One will say, "You remember that old Reynolds?" The other one will reply, "Did Elvis love his Momma?"

(Next: "The Reynolds Crew Discovers St. George and Saves the Day With a Brave Rescue". Then: "Returning World-War-Two Veterans and Their Young Wives Make a River Trip From Hell in the Reynolds".



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*Magie Noire* is a sailing yacht like no other, she is the first in the world to have two "airplane wings", bisymmetrical, of 80sm, (861sf) each, to provide the driving force. This is the first concrete realization of the sailmaker's concept of replacing the classic "mast and rigging" by a coherent mast/sail combination which forms a true cambered wing section adapted specifically for the needs of a sailboat.

The concept was to have the wing in two parts; the free-rotating mast section, which is the leading edge, has the same function as a classic mast (to hold up the sail) while maintaining a small profile to the wind, and a structure (the sail) made of tensioned fabric in three dimensions to ensure the continuity of shape from the mast, forming a semi-rigid part that you can hoist, reef and lower exactly as with a conventional sail. This structure is of course the most difficult to realize.

*Magie Noire* was conceived as a charter yacht for the owner, a dynamic young man with an open mind. Of course, for me, she represents another step in the evolution of my past designs, but still presented an excellent challenge. Besides the rig, the boat is different in her own right, she is light (very light) and has five double cabins, carries three thousand litres of fresh water, a bulb keel and water ballast. Built of FRP (no exotics), she is strong and designed to meet the ABS Guidelines.

As a charter yacht in the French Antilles, she has proved to be very good, and well able to withstand the constant "in and out" sailing style. Bucking the trade winds on a daily basis, she is perfect for the job.

Back in 1982, I met Mr. Christian Quoniam for the first time when he stopped by at my office in Newport, Rhode Island. A very young man then, and not much older now, he had this idea about a boat based on my famous super-fast light displacement yacht *Circus Maximus*. His idea was to take the basic design, put on a bulb keel and a free standing rig, add a good accommodation for charter work, and off we go!

A meeting was set for six months down the line, at which time I should be given the green light to start work on the drawings. Well, needless to say that it was with some skepticism that I shook hands and waved goodbye. But, six months later, sketches of deck plan and interior arrangement arrived in the mail with a note concerning various details about the dos and don'ts. I was impressed; in a business of such frivolity as yacht design, it was nice to see a program with a follow-through and a lack of nonsense.

The contract was drawn up, and I jumped. I have been waiting to write this article because so many things about this cruising boat are new and different, and it seemed that there was a risk at every corner.

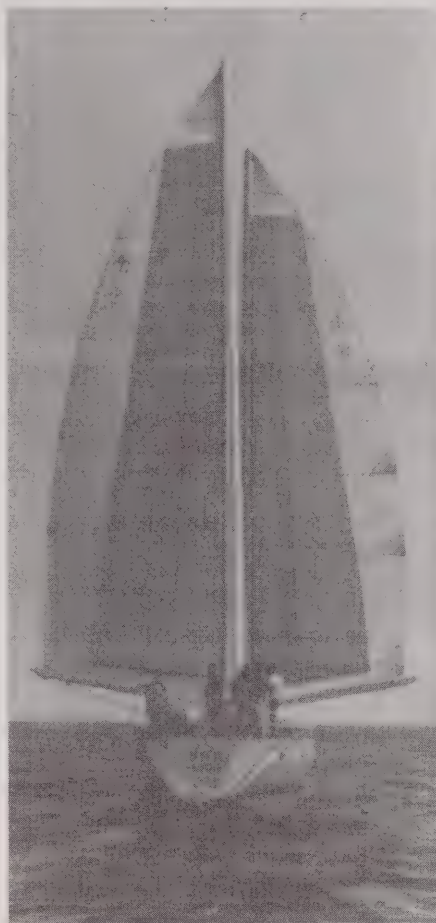
But I am glad to report that *Magie Noire* (that's her name, *Black Magic*) has been sailing for almost two years as I write this. She has been chartering her way in the French Antilles and Antigua. The result is a success, and it is with confidence that I can now elaborate on the design.

The design brief was simple, a cruising *Circus Maximus*. After a weight study to accommodate the five double cabins, it was obvious that the old lines plan was not going to do it.

This made for a good opportunity to explore a few thoughts about ultralight displacement

## Magie Noire

By Yvs-Marie de Tanton



boats (ULDBs). First, take a look at the numbers; they will tell you the story a lot better than I can write it:

Length Overall	68' 7"
Length on Waterline	61' 5"
Beam	15' 0"
Draft	8' 6"
Sail Area	1,722 sf
Displacement	31,000 lbs
Displacement/Length Ratio	59.7
Sail Area/Displacement Ratio	27.9

One thing is immediately apparent. This boat is light! Light, strong, and fast. Light because the lines are shallow, straight, and narrow.

Station 2 shows a sharp vee in way of the forefoot; and in fact, this is the deepest part of the hull. "Pounding" is the magic word, and the curse of the ULDB seems to have been diminished, if not eliminated, by this trick. This elimination is doubly important when one considers a double cabin forward with a mast almost on the bow.

Station 5, the Midship Section, shows a deadrise somewhat more accentuated than what I would put on a racing ultralight. It is there to give a little more depth to the middle of a hull that has a very narrow waterline beam. The idea is to keep the volume of this midship section to a minimum so as to be able to redis-

tribute the available volume towards the ends, where it does a better job. This orients the design towards a higher prismatic coefficient, and hence a higher speed limit.

Station 6 is veed further, blending into the trailing edge of the keel. The rest of the lines aft progress gradually into flat and powerful stern sections.

One question I had was this: Okay, if I achieved better (i.e. less) pounding forward, was I going to have a pounding boat aft? Yes, boats slam on their sterns, and there is nothing more annoying with an aft cabin arrangement than to have the water stop only a couple of inches away from your ears with every passing wave or motorboat. Well, I have one week's experience in one of the aft cabins and it was fine.

The beam is moderate and the deck is starightforward. the owner's only requirement was to achieve a swan type look to the roofline in order to get maximum headroom down below (8'8", 2.98m). the edges of the coachroof sides are kept parallel to the sheer line in plan view. A midship cockpit and companionway was chosen.

The lines plan was drawn conventionally, by hand, but then developed by computer into full-size patterns, something that we have been doing here for 12 years or so. A lot of time, skill, and space is therefore saved by the builder. On the same day that he receives the plans, he can start on cutting out the molds, frames, bulkheads, etc.

Moving on to the construction aspects of this vessel, she is built in the traditional way for a foam sandwich vessel, that is: Set up the molds; lay up the core (Klegecell in this case); Glass over; Turn the boat over and glass the inside. Nothing fancy, just plain hard work with dust and smells and sticky glues everywhere. The material is not very sophisticated either, and it is interesting to note that *Magie Noire* is constructed strictly with non-exotic materials, E-glass and polyester resin. The difference is that we do not use mat between the layers of 24oz woven roving.

If it is done carefully, by hand and with a vacuum-bagging technique, it is indeed a very good way to achieve bulk and strength with minimum weight.

I have recently reviewed the drawings in order to assess if we meet the new American Bureau of Shipping (ABS) rules for construction. We do.

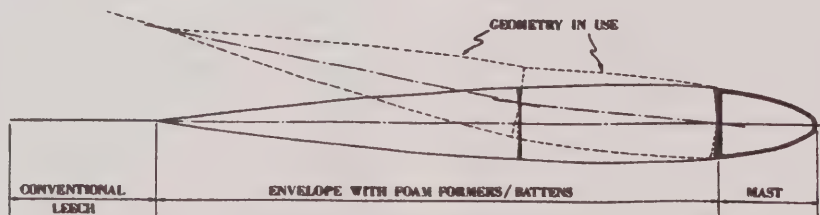
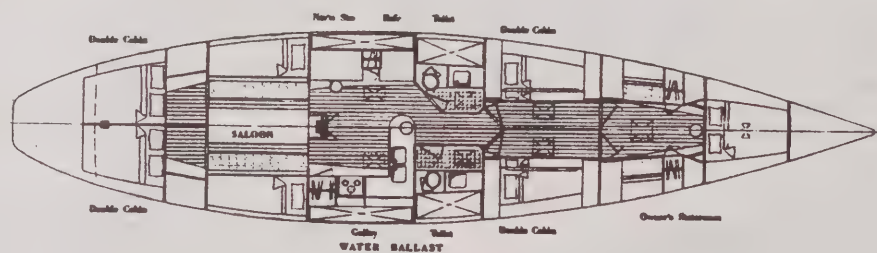
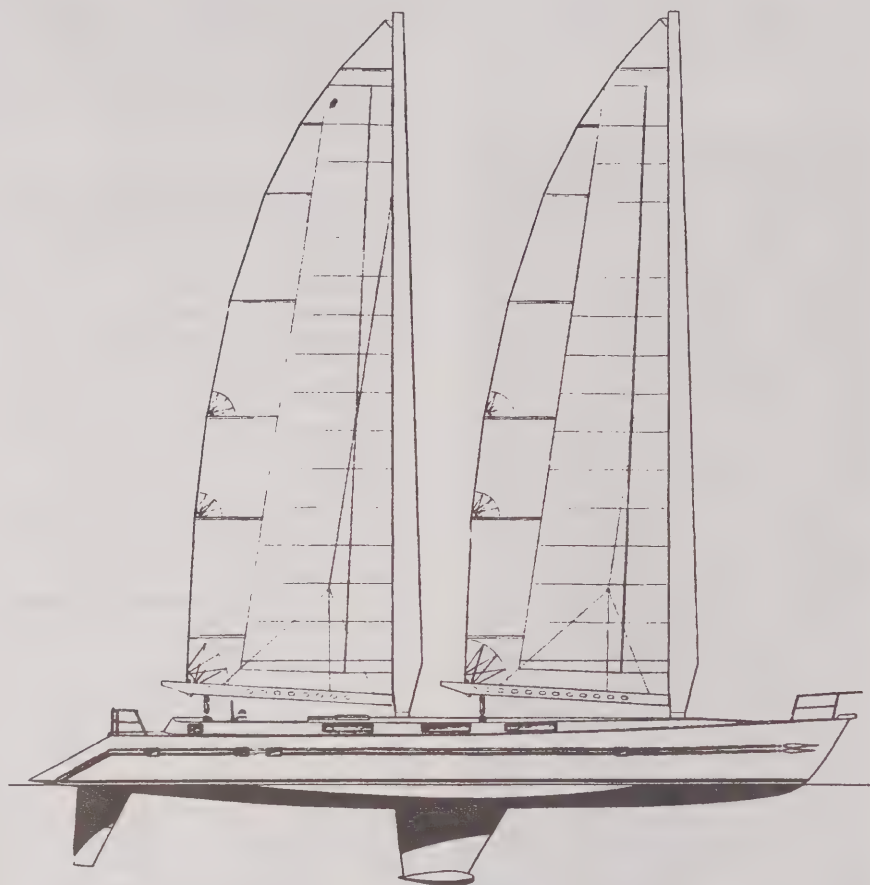
Also, a grounding at 8-1/2 knots (not to be recommended as a way to check your calculations) with no damage seems to confirm that the hull and the keel scantlings and construction are correct and that the boat has been well built.

This light displacement cruising boat is fast for a number of reasons. Some have been mentioned above. Other reasons are the careful attention to the appendages (keel and rudder), the stability of the vessel, and the rig, though not necessarily in that order.

When the boat was designed in 1988, *Australia II* stole the show with its winged keel. At that time I had had experience with bulb keels, and so we stuck with that model. Since then, I have designed several winged keels and some other odd-looking ballast configurations.

I guess it all depends on the program. The key is to design as stiff a boat as you can for a given displacement (stability being a function of displacement times righting arm).





With *Magie Noire*, we introduced another special twist in a cruising boat, water ballast, 3,000 liters of it, to kill two birds with one stone. Almost unlimited fresh water plus added stability. More on this later.

With the draft kept at 8'6" (2.6m), moderate for this size of vessel, the lead weight of 12,880lbs is kept low enough to accommodate a deep sump above the keel, very necessary in any boat, especially cruising boats.

The rudder is on the large side and has a balanced semi-spade configuration, a good compromise for strength and responsiveness to the helm. Since then the area has been cut down a little by rounding the bottom off to an elliptical shape, lopping off six inches with no loss that we can detect.

That should cover just about anything you should want to know about the boat. Next comes the rig, hold your breath. Originally, the owner and myself envisioned wing masts for this schooner design. That is to say essentially unstayed masts with a substantial chord length, free-rotating of course, and terminated by a soft sail.

As you can imagine, such a structure is not that light, but we saw the advantages of efficiency and an absence of rigging, and the fact that it could be built out of low-tech materials such as wood, glass and epoxy.

Well that was before the sailmaker, Mr. Chapoutot, got hold of Christian and sold him on his concept of "voiles epaisses" (thick sails).

Essentially it is a reduced wing-mast designed to hold up the sail without the help of any rigging, therefore saving a lot of weight, and replaces the soft sail by a double ply sail, cambered just like an airplane wing on each tack.

*Magie Noire* has a sail area of 861sf per sail, very modest for a boat that size, but certainly quite sufficient in relation to her wetted surface and displacement. Therefore, due to the modest sail area, efficiency must be sought after, and "voiles epaisses" was the answer.

Mr. Chapoutot wrote: "*Magie Noire* is, for me, the first concrete realization of a concept of replacing the classic sail, mast and rigging by a combination mast and sail forming a real airplane wing, adapted to the particularities of a sailboat. The idea of replacing our classic sails with wings has been the subject of research in many countries: England, the Gallian System; USA, C class catamarans; Japan, sail-assisted tankers; etc.

If there is no doubt of the advantage of this solution at the theoretical level, then it is at the practical level that the difficulties lie. These problems are tied to the utilization of the boat. Experience would imply the concept of a wing that presents the same efficiency on port and starboard tacks. Sail reduction and stowage requirements oblige us to seek a solution using a soft and folding structure and obviously not a rigid wing.

At last our sailboats, even the 26 metre catamarans, can be compared to a slow airplane, and the profile to use must be bisymmetrical, that is to say that depending on the wind, the wing section ought to be able to reverse the direction of its camber."

The practice seems to follow the theory, and the whole thing works well. I do believe though, that a rotating graphite pole of very small diameter with a soft sail offers advantages in terms of weight, cost, and ease of handling that is not quite covered by a thick sail



system. But with better materials, more time, and more money, the concept will eventually prove its efficiency.

What about the accommodation? With all the implications of privacy, comfort, and pleasure that the word "charter" implies, how does *Magie Noire* measure up?

Well, we are talking about a boat with five double cabins and two separate toilet compartments. When you look at the plans you will have to envision a slightly different layout than on the drawings. Where the forward saloon is shown, we have instead a long galley. Opposite this is the chart table and navigation area. The saloon is now on the starboard side where the galley is shown on the plans, and I have counted ten people seated at the table. On the opposite side is a sofa and entertainment center, stereo, TV, etc. The aft cabins are separated by a well-insulated bulkhead, and offer very good privacy.

The engine is a 72hp diesel giving a cruising speed of 8 to 8-1/2 knots, and is located under the cockpit. The boat is fitted with water ballast tanks on each side for a total of 3,000 liters. In fact, we are talking about tanks within tanks, since the flexible inner fresh water tanks, as they are emptied, can have their volume replaced by salt water for additional stability. In fact, the boat has plenty of stability, but the fresh water is invaluable on a cruising boat.

It is nice to see good use of tankage, and the system certainly fulfills one of my axioms: Try to achieve two things with every one feature on the boat. That is about it. Maybe now I should give Mr. Quoniam's own opinions on the boat and her behavior as expressed in his letters:

"I confirm my impressions of the first trials. The boat is perfect on all points, and extremely versatile. I must say that I did not expect this coming from a ULDB. "We have had 40 knots of wind for two days in the Bay of Biscay, and the boat handled the situation admirably. Notably she hove to very well with no sails set.

I remark: No hobby horsing, even in waves the boat just does not pound. Very little heeling, the ballast is very efficient, an excellent solution. Tracking ability is phenomenal under all conditions. Of course, this is due to the size of the rudder, maybe it could be smaller (elliptical?). Speed, here are the speeds registered with the boat overloaded for the transatlantic crossing: 12 people with luggage, food, 2,000 litres of water, 300 liters of fuel, and 3 sailboards, etc.

9 knots to weather at 45 degrees to the wind.

18 knots beam reach with 25/30 knots of wind.

We have seen 21 knots, our top speed so far.


I am, therefore, very satisfied, but I am impatient to start over with a longer boat."

Thank goodness for clients who come back time after time. I have survived many times because of them, and I take this opportunity to thank them very much. It is very satisfying in a business where there is little loyalty.

Yes, Christian, I will design your next boat and, by the way, I have been thinking.....

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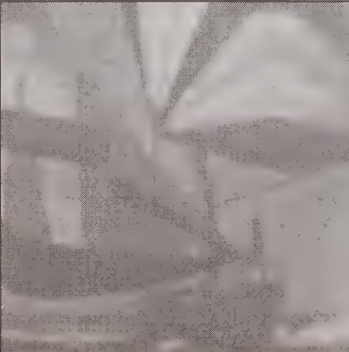
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## BOATS

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To understand the merits of this particular lug rig, it is necessary to examine its composition and handling. What I showed in the drawing in the last issue was a rig with topsail and jib. In order to prepare for tacking, both topsail and jib have to come down.

As a matter of fact the harbor boats have neither. Their yards are carried at a very steep angle, with a very short luff. As this type of rig, by nature of being a lifting sail, can carry sail in very strong winds, no provision seems to have been made for reefing. This observation may well be incorrect, as it seems customary to reef by simply cutting off the last few sail strakes along the luff. These strakes run parallel with the luff, and, when the need for reefing passes, are just sewn on again. As this is done on large dhows while at sea, it certainly would cause no difficulty on a small harbor craft that can be quickly run ashore for the operation. The simpleness of the rig makes striking the sail easy. I have been present when such was done, and as the boats are also rowed, rowing ashore is a cinch. How many of us would notice whether there were a few strakes missing at the leech?

The topsail and its thin tops'lmast are a unit to be put on or removed as such. In the drawing I allow the aft end of yard and sail to lean on the mains'l yard. Other tops'ls are four cornered, and the sheet would be led to a ring which slides up the vang. The tops'l mast, complete with sail, is carried up the mast and attached to the mast by some appropriate structures there. The luff is like a long scimitar, its thin nose coming down to where the forefoot of the mainsail is attached, and there tied off.

I've never been able to determine where exactly the halyard block for the jib halyard is attached, somewhere on the main yard or on the mast itself. This would make no difference on the smaller craft because the mainyard is carried without parrels. On large craft this could not be done because of the parrels. The topmast too could have only one attachment above the parrels. The lower end may be held by a lanyard, wound around the mast, as was done on some boats on the eastern seaboard (of the US).

The mast has four stays, two backstays and two forestays. All stays have a tackle at the lower end so that they can be set up at the proper tension. When lowering the sail, the two stays on the lee side are slackened off to allow the sail to come down inside the boat. The sail is carried outside the stays in such a manner that the stays do not interfere when the sail is close hauled.

In small craft, the sail is hoisted by a halyard at the mast; this halyard has a tackle at the bottom end to diminish the weight of yard

## DreamBoats

### My Own Dreamboat - Part 2

By Richard Carsen

and sail to be hoisted. Two crewmen make short work of it.

The yard is hung between one-half and one-third of its length from the bottom of the yard, in such a manner that the weight of the forward part of the sail just slightly outweighs the part aft of the mast. There is thus no laborious hauling down or pushing up of the yard forward. It comes lightly down by itself, and when the sheet is set again, the sail assumes its set without fuss.

Now to handling the sail when tacking. All those boats had a skipper and a two man crew. Each man handles one side. At the bows, the leeward man hands sail and sheet around the forward side of the yard to the man on the other side, who walks it back, reeves the sheet thru the block on the aft deck on that side, and hands the end to the skipper, who never leaves his station at the helm. I found that I could do the entire maneuver by myself, walking up one side and back the other. There are wide seats in the sides going right into the peak and back, which made this easy in these open, undecked boats.

All the time the rudder went unattended, but the shape and foregripe are balanced in such a manner that, once initiated, the boat slides thru its tack slowly and gracefully, allowing enough time to complete the sailhandling. Allan Villiers, the square-rigger captain and author, also remarks (in *Sons of Sinbad*) upon the superior qualities and seakeeping abilities of the large dhow he made his 4,000 mile trip on. This certainly was part of the ease wherewith I could singlehand and tack the harborcraft which I had chosen at random.

Once again: if two men are handling it, as the boat veers towards dead into the wind, the leeward man pulls the sheet out of its block on the aft deck, grabs the sheethorn, and walking forward, hands sail and sheet around the stays. Arriving at the bows, he hands sheet and sail to the weatherside man, forward of the yard. With a twist of the hand, the latter makes the yard roll over the top of the mast, taking the sail with it. From here the now leeward man walks back, handing sail and sheet outside the stays; as he arrives aft, he reeves the sheet thru its block on the aft deck and hands the end to the helmsman. The entire maneuver takes less time and effort than typing and spelling it out here on the page.

There is one other factor I've left out for clarity. The yard has a single stay with tackle, fastened to a ring at about three-quarter the length of the yard, at the top. This stay is fastened to a ring, which can move freely around the yard, when the yard is rolled over the top of the mast, so the stay remains in its position in reference to the yard. The stay and its tackle is hooked to an appropriate attachment ring on the side of the craft. It is attached to the weather side. The function is obviously to support the upper part of the yard. The yard is always made up of three pieces. The heaviest, the bottom, overlaps the middle piece at the mast. At the end of this piece is a third light stick that overlaps there and forms the end of

the yard. When that piece sticks out with seemingly no sail attached, the sail has obviously been reefed!

As the man at the weather side moves forward, he detaches this stay, which swings free. The lee side man on his way back down, after handing sail and sheet to the other guy, attaches this stay again, opposite what is now the weatherside. I, doing this all by myself on a 30 footer, had no problem doing all this and getting back to the helm in time on the new tack.

Older type boats which have been developed over a long period, have become units. You have to consider this unit in its entirety. So...

In order to have a parrel-less yard, some things up there work together. For instance, the halyard is rove through the top of the mast, which is shaped so as to bend slightly forward. There is no sheave; they no doubt use tallow on the end of the halyard.

The halyard is braided into a narrow matt, part of which is folded around the yard, while the end is braided back into the halyard in such a manner that it tapers down eventually to the width of the halyard. The hole in the top of the mast has two metal bands, one horizontal just above where the halyard enters the mast, and one that encircles the end of the mast hole, where the mast bends slightly forward. It is at the position of the latter that the wider part of the tapered halyard gets jammed tight. This setup seem to obviate a parrell. The area where mast and yard touch is heavily wound with old rope-cable, deadening any further sound or movement that might resuh movements of the boat.

The mast itself is set directly on the keel. There is a six or seven foot pole, almost the width of the mast, which is set into the sailing thwart and its lower supports. This pole, or baulk, also rests on the keel. The mast is then secured by rope bindings to this baulk and further secured to the sailing thwart assembly by a removable metal band or wooden locking device. Removing this restraining device and the rope bindings will allow the mast to be lowered backward.

On the large craft (80', 90', 100', 120') the forefoot of the sail is set on a gallows a little behind the bows. On the small vessels the forefoot is tied directly to the stem.

Nothing in the entire set-up needs expert skill. The mast can be any kind of stick, even crooked. Building the yard up from three pieces, makes it repairable anytime anywhere and needs no skillful assembly or the eye of an expert to select the pieces. The cordage made from rough fiber has been produced the old fashioned way and seems unbelievably strong. The sail for the bigger craft is indeed made by sailmakers, but I doubt that the smaller craft bother. The manufacture is straightforward, and even if no curve was worked into the head of the sail, the bend of the yard and the foot of the yard being blown to windward create a perfect foil that no amount of technical sail expertise could build better. Models have been found in Mesopotamia, thousands of years old. Although no sails are shown, the form is obviously that of the ancestor of the present day boom, still the most popular carrier among the dhows. That's a long time for working out the wrinkles of the rig. I think that it is one of the simplest to manufacture and operate ever for a small boat.

COLUMBIA TRADING CO.



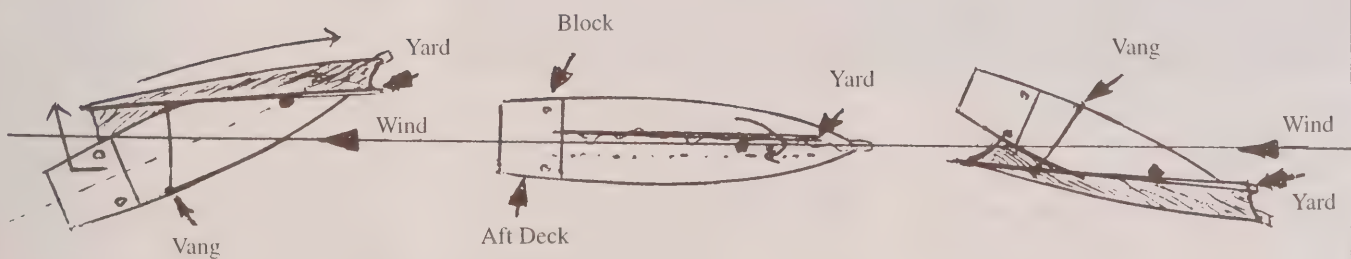
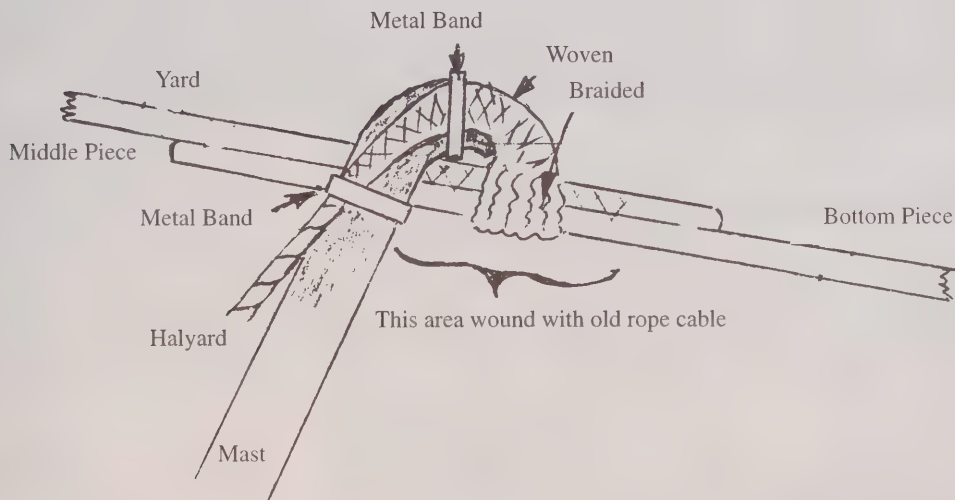
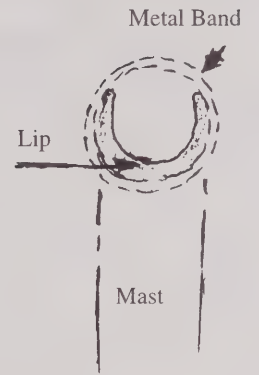
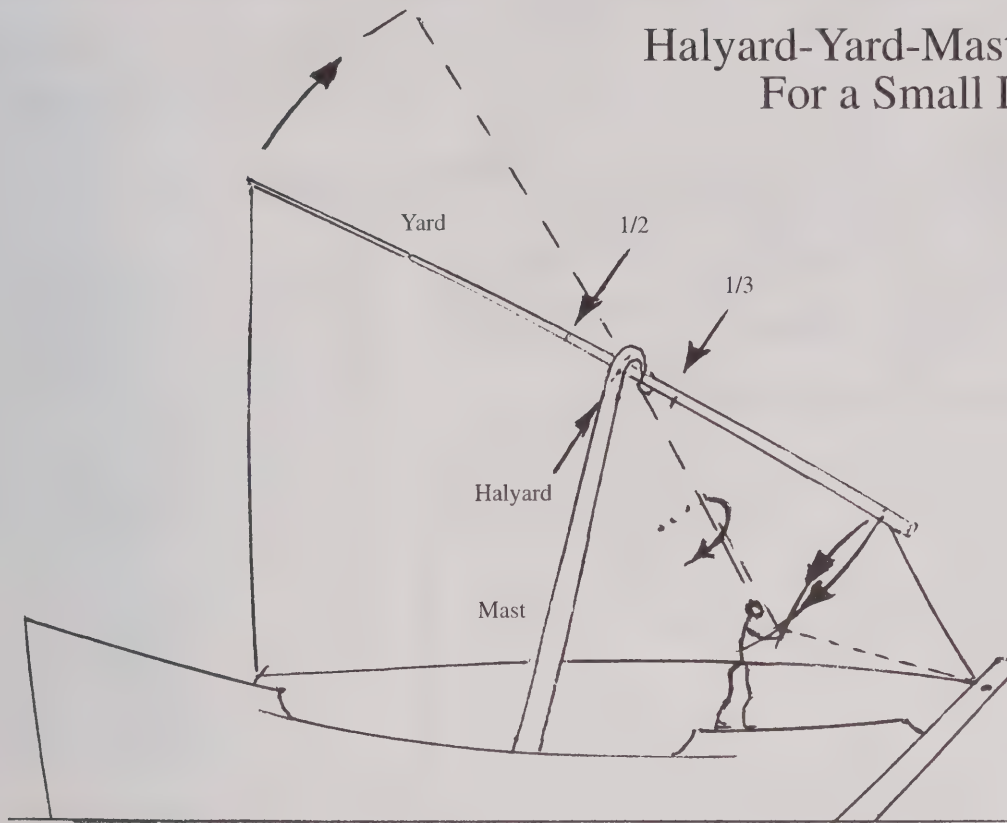
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# Halyard-Yard-Mast-Sail Setup For a Small Dhow







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Periodically articles appear in the boating press about powering boats electrically. And various geometries are outlined and often even built and practically assessed. Some are proposals for complete and integrated packages of drive, batteries and a matching boat to maximize the particular characteristics of electric power. Our 15'+ Lily four-seater is one such effort which we'll revisit soon after three years/four summers of use, now in company with sisterships. Other articles focus solely on the electric drive as a "stand-alone" proposal to be applied to a variety of craft. The fact that that is the easy part of electric boating is often not mentioned amidst the excitement of the particular idea. Adequate battery capacity and realistic charging capability in a suitable hull are where hard realities bite and many proposals fail, giving electric boats another push towards irrelevance.

Be that as it may, there was one article about a sailing Amesbury skiff traditionally constructed of primarily pine in which its rudder was permanently modified to accept an electric drive in place of using oars as the "dead-calm" motive power; perhaps predictably size, location, and handling of batteries or charging was given very short shrift. The actual execution of the rudder-modification looked well-done and the article praised the ease with which calms could be dealt with a very quiet and gentle push from the rudder, implying various ways to help even poor sailers move better under sail as well. Traditional oarpower would now be the third choice and last option to get somewhere.

Q. had carefully studied the article with its good illustrations and it occurred to him that our Lily might benefit from that solution to electric power. The feel of that article was so peaceful that ignoring the actual realities of this idea seemed easy by both writer and Q. as one reader. We wrote back:

"Dear Q., thanks for your interest in in Lily (Design #627). The prototype has been successfully in use since late summer '96.

In respect to your modification proposal we see only disadvantages to the idea. The article referred to focussed solely on the issue of "faking" a tiny electric motor into a traditional looking rudder on a newly constructed traditional type of largely traditional construction, which typically did without any combustion/electric motive power beyond sensible oars and at time exhilarating wind.

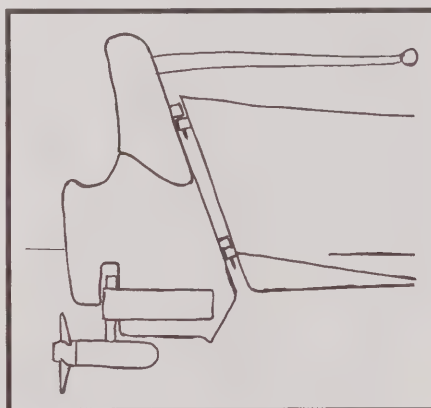
Ergo, this was an exercise in subjective aesthetics, rather than constituting a display of realistic common sense, or technical coherence for that matter:

The drag under sail is significant enough to further reduce the inherently somewhat limited performance of the type. And the source of that drag cannot be removed by careful design.

The actual rudder action under sail appears compromised with that lump of motor

## Bolger on Design

### A Less Well-Developed Idea On Boating Electrically



and prop hanging inactive on its tail.

The draft of the boat and particularly the rudder's vulnerability has been increased markedly by extending its overall silhouette down at least 6-8", reducing the peace of mind that usually comes from the type's center-board, and pretty much ruling out beaching her casually without ripping prop and even motor off.

Since the traditional hull construction usually does not invite dry/trailer sailing the hull, the assumption here seems to be that on her mooring you reach over the transom to lift the stout rudder plus the weight of the motor into the boat, not a simple lift for an ill-positioned spine.

If that assumption is incorrect, the motor's constant immersion will eventually do it in from corrosion/electrolysis/growth well before its time, saltwater-models or not, as the stainless shaft is too enclosed for enough oxygenated water to keep the stainless stainless. Furthermore there is an array of dissimilar metals in the best of these motors but there are no provisions for zincs.

The 28lbs thrust unit chosen in the article is so small as to be near useless for thrust on a boat of Lily's weight and greater length, when Lily needs 65/70lbs of thrust to run at any acceptable speed (3.8kn).

And typical of too many so-called electric boats, not mentioned were the most important issues such as battery-capacity versus weight in the boat, coherently charging the batteries for useable reliability, without which that rudder makes even less sense.

Finally, as the real howler on a boat rigged for two pairs of oars, the motorized rudder is slow, heavy, expensive, technically convoluted, and still offers less go and less

range than any half-way non-sedentary person could achieve with two oars, that would be in keeping with the spirit of building traditional boats from around the turn of the century in the last years of this century. The idea is an old one (classified classic) and has not taken for good reasons!

That whole article was "cute", unfortunate in its avoidance of an honest discussion of the actual realities of such a drive, and thus misleading to the public, and had technically and philosophically no merit. There is no point in proposing cutting apart that motor assembly, voiding its warranty right off the bat (not mentioned!), having to splice the too short wires to the speed-control at near waterline-level, go through welding sessions to further mix more dissimilar metals (proposed black pipe & stainless!!) on that motorized rudder, hope that epoxy will keep water out of once carefully-engineered inherently waterproof joints that were now pointlessly destroyed.

The kicker is the last paragraph In that article which should have stated that this proposal "allows freedom of movement without the distraction of fumes and noise of an out-board engine.. **and without the intrusion of reality, and concerns of reliability, utility, and merit.**" (Bold type our suggested addenda).

On Lily there has never been any need for the convolutions of a rudder as she is perfectly controllable without a rudder, why introduce one now?!

The point about her overall layout is to have your hand conveniently on the motor-controls to make your hand and arm last the day.

The point is to eliminate as many unnecessary man-hours wasted building things that are not necessary as possible, as building her is a serious enough project for most amateurs (and some professionals we understand) as it is.

The virtue of her motor location is the superb maneuverability possible through the motor's 360 degree thrust-vectoring capability (impossible with any conventional shaft-driven electric launch or any boat burdened with the "Motorized Rudder").

That location in that motor-well allows immediate access to the propeller by lifting the unit vertically on its stock sliding bracket in order to clear potwarp or just trails of loose rockweed, and it allows keeping the motor and propeller completely out of water, when Lily remains in the water for the season, as in our case where she is tied to our floats and plugged in ready to run. No corrosion/electrolysis/growth possible!

We took great care to smooth the waterflow below with a well-fitted removable panel closing off the lower end of the well against otherwise violent eddy-making producing a nice cool wet-well to keep beverages in for the summer day trip, and covered with a



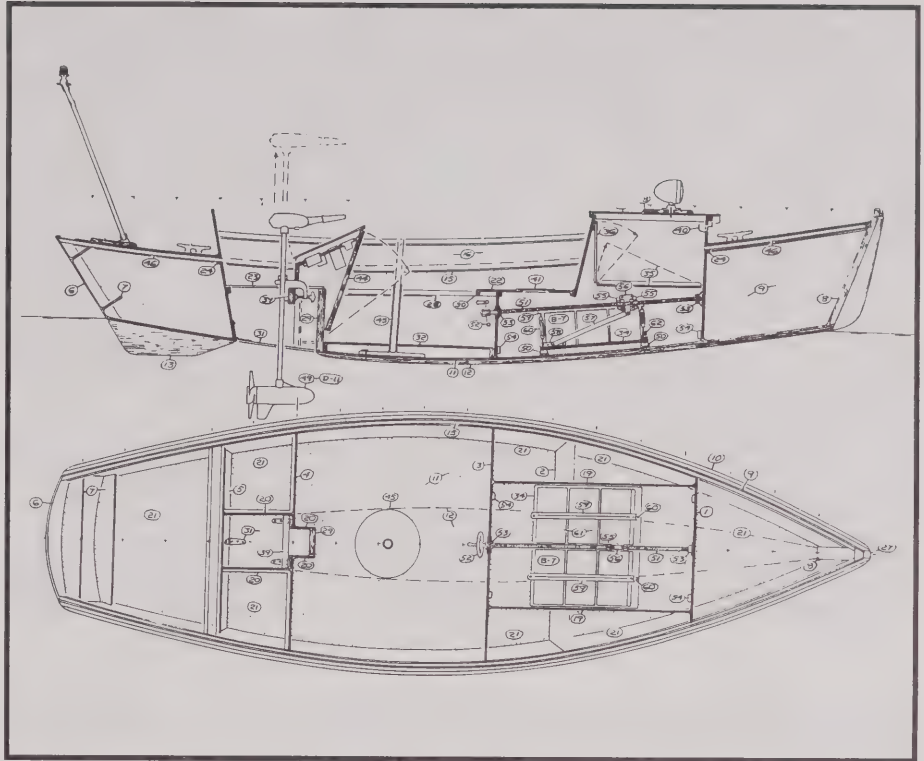
flush fitting drop-in panel that will allow level seating and on-demand hands-on motor-access.

The well is unproblematic to build, offers a quick view of the water/bottom under the boat after the panels are pulled, and with those carefully fitted panels in place has never caused sloshing up to seat level even in very choppy waters or when punching through wakes that threaten to bring green water over the bow.

Finally, the vertical sliding action of the motor makes trailering/launching one step less complicated, with nothing heavy to align, hang, plug in, etc.

Putting a "Motorized Rudder", and thus tiller, on Lily immediately results in losing out in terms of convenience, safety, and maneuverability, before other issues such as corrosion/etc. crop up over time.

We suggest viewing the Lily video to examine the practical merits of her arrangements under summer and winter conditions. The 86-minute VHS video is available for \$35, and shows Lily with Phil Bolger and some friends in a broad variety of conditions ranging from smooth water sunny days, on to whistling wind-driven wave action, thence to an exploration of local waters just after an early northeaster bringing sticky snow and ice-soup. Plans consisting of 8 sheets and a 27-page building key are \$100, to build one boat."



## Introducing The Pilgrim's Pride 16 A Center Console Power Skiff

By Paul Bennett

The Pilgrim's Pride 16 is an exciting new center console, flat bottomed, power skiff. It has a generous six foot beam, plenty of free-board and reserve buoyancy, plus plenty of room to move around in. Best of all, it's almost as easy to build as our Sagamore Tender and Bootstrap Dinghy!

This is a great looking boat with a sleek, raked bow and traditional lines. The design is the result of customer requests. Many shared their comments and ideas throughout the design process which helped us to make decisions on changes and refinements.

The Pilgrim's Pride 16 is another example of how the average person can afford to own a nice boat without having to be rich. It can be easily built by the first time home boat builder with our large-scale plans and step-bystep book on how to build this boat. No special forms, strongbacks or molds are required. This boat is simply built upside down in your back



yard with just a few simple tools, most of which many people already own.

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Building time for the novice with no prior boat building experience is estimated to

be about 40 to 60 hours to complete the basic hull. Others may find that this boat goes together rather quickly. Start building yours today!

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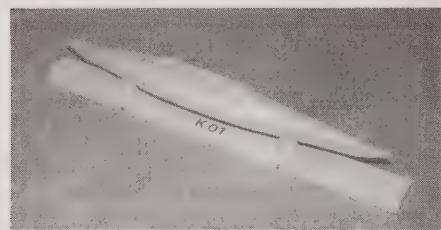
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If you are going to build a boat, you are going to have to draw long curved lines on wood. Whether you use full-scale plans, transfer offsets from lofted plans, or as I do, scale up directly from small sketches, you will need some way to convert a series of dots on a piece of wood to a continuous smooth curve. A few simple materials can enable you to draw and check the shape of long smooth curves.

I make plywood components for hulls by scaling up from one-inch-to-the-foot drawings using my Foamboat method (see *MAIB* Oct 1, '97, pp 25-27, Nov 1, '97, pp 22-25, Aug 1, '98, pp 26-28). I have to estimate each offset dimension on each sketch to three decimal places, so when I scale up to patterns for the full-size plywood parts, my series of dots tends to be somewhat scattered and not at all smooth. I connect the dots by eye and trial and error using a long limber piece of molding from the home center. Once I have a good curve, I draw along the edge of the molding, then I measure off that curve to make a final accurate set of fullsize offset dimensions.

The photo below shows a sixteen inch long model of my sixteen foot kayak design. Plywood parts for the model were traced from the design sketches, then rectangular bats of rigid foam and the plywood parts were glued together around a solid wood block that simulates the kayak's open cockpit. The excess foam was cut away by sliding an electrically heated hot wire along the smooth pairs of edges of the plywood pieces in succession.



Plywood parts for sixteen-inch long foamboat kayak model are traced from plan and profile drawings of the design. Solid wood block simulates open cockpit of the eventual full-size kayak.

A full size Foamboat is made by the same method except it is also given a skin of fiberglass cloth and epoxy. The curves of my kayak design were taken from plan and profile images of kayaks found in the public domain. The images were scaled using a photocopier and parts of them incorporated into the design. The kayak shown is an amalgam of curves taken from various examples. Some blending was done using French curves.

The classic kayak lines, composites of several boats, translate into pleasing curves for a boat to fit my particular method and needs. I wanted to build the boat around a rectangular open cockpit because the box would be the easiest shape for me to build, and I really did not want to put my lower body down into a closed boat. If I were to get in trouble in an enclosed kayak I would be less likely to do an Eskimo Roll than to opt for the Roundeyes Bailout anyway.

In addition, I sized the cockpit so that my Oarmaster II drop-in rowing unit would fit inside. I would be able to row the boat as well as paddle it. I would have to row the boat

## Drawing Long Curves

By Sam Overman

"backwards" in order to position my own weight, on the Oarmaster, in about the same place it would be when paddling the boat forward as a kayak. As a result I designed the boat pointy on both ends. Built by my Foamboat method, the boat would have no provision for carrying gear other than with me in the cockpit or strapped on externally.

The molding I use for drawing long curves is not a piece of wood, because I could not find any wood strip limber enough to follow the curves and still be thick enough to sit up on a layout table. Mine consists of a foam core surrounded by a thin wood-grain looking plastic covering. It measures three-eighths of an inch thick by one and three-eighths inches high, and I scarfed together two scrap pieces to make a fourteen foot length. The scarf joint is just a bit stiffer than the rest of the material, so I always place the joint on the curve where there is the least bend. My molding strip has a contoured profile near its top edge, but that does not affect its use as a drawing aid.

This long molding is difficult to handle because it is so long and limber, and it is fragile. I take special precautions when moving it to and from my work table. Whenever I need to move the molding, I first roll it into a twelve foot length of thin right-angle steel whose sides measure one inch each. This stuff is sold in home centers as the outer rim material for hanging dropped ceiling tiles, and it is very inexpensive. High on one shop wall I bolted three hangers shaped from very heavy wire to support the steel angle and its enclosed molding when it is not in use.

Once I have a series of pencil dots on a piece of wood or dense particle board pattern, I adjust the molding to get the best smooth curve. To hold the molding in place, I use soft weights made from child-sized socks. I bought socks that have a rubbery non-slip pattern on their soles which makes them less likely to slide across my work surface.

I filled a dozen socks from a thirty-five pound bag of lead shot. Before a measure of shot is placed in each sock, it is first poured to loosely fill a plastic sandwich bag (not the zip-top kind), and the bag is secured with a wire tie. The plastic bag keeps lead dust from sifting out through the sock fabric, and a couple of pinholes were punched in each plastic bag so air can escape. A knot in the ankle section closes each sock. Sock weights are concentrated at areas where the molding makes the sharpest bends. I sometimes place a small clamp to rest beside the end of the molding strip rather than use a weight there so I can get a good look at the end pencil dots.

It is possible to connect a series of points into a continuous curve that is not a good boat curve. There can be flat sections, and the molding can even make a reverse bend. Such flaws can be spotted by sighting along the curve a short section at a time while placing one eye close to the molding. Adjustments can be made until a good curve is obtained, but the entire curve should be re-examined after movement of any of the molding. Flat spots and re-curves will jump right out if you sight along the curve from close up.



A series of dots is made on an eight-foot long dense particle board pattern for the aft sheer plate by scaling up the kayak drawings, then the dots are connected with a strip of limber molding.

Once the curve looks good, I use a fine felt marker to trace along that edge of the molding that falls along my line of dots. As I draw I use one hand to hold each section of molding that falls between the sock weights tightly against the wood so the marker will not flex the molding out of position. Once the sections between the weights are traced, I slide each weight, one at a time, along the molding a little, again locally holding the molding against the wood with one hand, so I can trace the sections that fall under the weights. Each displaced weight is moved back into its original position once its section of curve is traced.

If I need to transfer a small sharp curved shape from a pattern or drawing, one which the molding will not bend to, I use a common drafting aid made by Alvin. This is a flexible plastic tube having square cross-section and which has a strip of metallic lead inside. The tube can be bent to match fairly severe curves, and the lead causes the device to maintain the curve. I can carefully slide the bent device from the drawing, place it on the wood to be cut, then trace the edge of the drafting device with a pencil. These drafting aids are inexpensive and are sold in various lengths. The one I use measures about twenty-six inches long.

If you are going to draw long boat curves, or build long narrow hulls as I do, it is handy to have a long narrow flat work surface at a convenient height. I built a sturdy work table just for these purposes that can be disassembled for storage. The top of each table section is made of two pieces of three-eighths inch thick plywood two feet wide and eight feet long sandwiched together. I cannot find plywood at my home centers that is not bent, cupped, twisted and warped, so rather than use warped three-quarter inch plywood, I made each top using the thinner sheets with their imperfections opposing each other. In addition, the two thinner sheets can more easily be pulled flat by the lumber rim to which they are fastened.



The rim and legs are made from lumber sold at home centers as studs, and which measures one and one half inches by two and one half inches. Each table top extends past its lumber rim on each side by two and a half inches, which provides thin edges for attaching holddown clamps, and extends past its rim at one end by three quarters of an inch. At the opposite end of each table top it is the rim that extends past the top surface by three quarters of an inch.

Two such sections of table can be fastened together lengthwise by bolts, washers and wing nuts, and the table surface of one will overlap the rim of the other to form a strong continuous surface sixteen feet long. If an even longer work surface is needed, I can insert a third section, which has no legs and whose top surface overlaps its supporting rim by three quarters of an inch at both ends, between the two legged sections and then bolt the three sections end to end.

Two of the crosswise supports fastened underneath each table top are made from common two by fours. These accept plastic blocks designed for assembly of homemade saw horses, and each block accepts two legs, each of which I cut to two feet in length. A single bolt whose head is countersunk into the table top and a wing nut hold each plastic block and two legs in place. The plastic blocks are intended to take legs made of two by four lumber, but I used the stud material to save weight. I cut small blocks of wood to make up the space inside the plastic blocks.

Each table section has eight legs, and naturally the table cannot rest stably on a floor, like the concrete one in my basement, that is not perfectly flat. There is enough adjustability in the legs, though, so that the table can be made stable by walking around the table and giving little kicks to the legs that seem to be resting on high spots in the floor. Once equilibrium is achieved, the table is heavy enough that it will remain in place without wobbling. The table top is reasonably flat but not necessarily exactly level, which is not a condition required for the work I do. The legs can be removed and placed in the shallow hollow spaces underneath the table tops when the tables are not in use.

With these simple drawing tools and my good long table, I have been able to lay out and fabricate some very nice long narrow boat hulls.

One bolt and a wing nut hold each pair of legs and its plastic adaptor to the underside of the table. Wood blocks fill spaces beside legs.



Two patterns used to cut out plywood parts for the kayak are here joined to create a form for precutting a foam component.



A rectangular batt of rigid foam has been carved to fit the kayak shape by sliding a hot wire along the smooth edges of both patterns.



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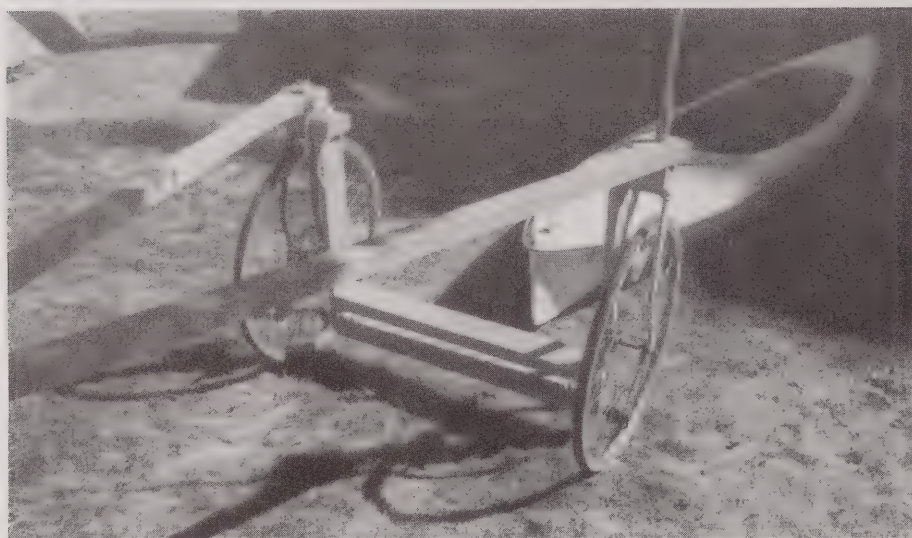
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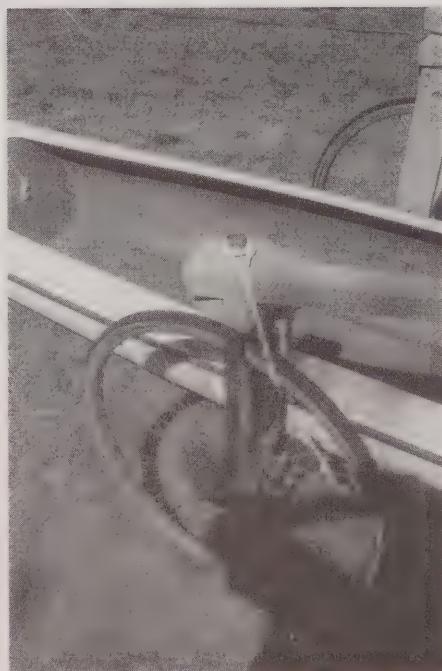


Dolly details.

How boat is slung.



Parking brake rope.



## Bicycle Fork Boat Dolly

By Stephen duPont.

I live a mile from a launching ramp where I can launch my Alden Ocean Shell. I can put it on the car top rack but this is not as easy as it seems. And the salt water runs over the car so it has to be hosed off. I have stumbled onto an interesting substitute and since the name of the game is exercise this adds to the intent.

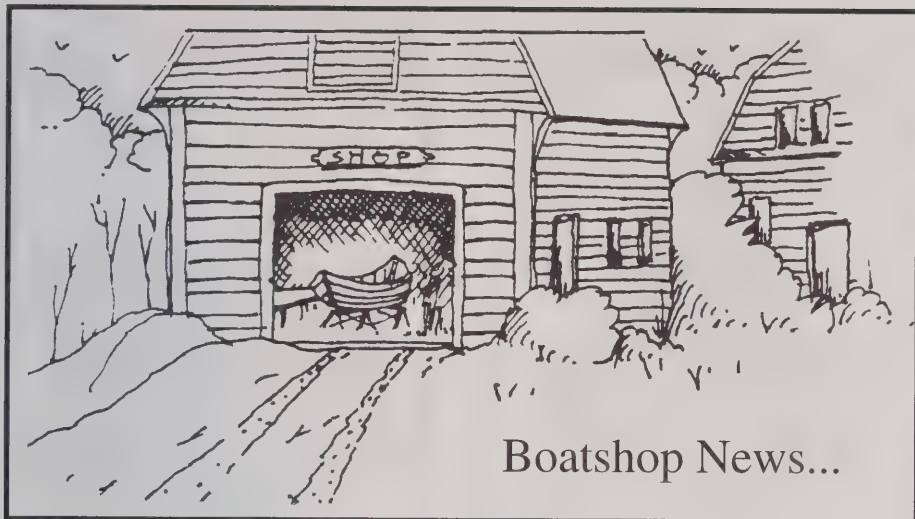
See the photos of my bicycle fork boat dolly. The two bicycle forks are not alike which doesn't really matter. The top tube of the forks are 1" diameter. A 1" hole is drilled with a flat bit into the 2 by 4s that make the vee tongue and the forks' steering tubes just slide into the holes loosely allowing for easy disassembly for storage. These upward extension tubes are long enough that the forks are held rigidly at ninety degrees to the 2 by 4s. The frame of the dolly is 3/4" boards bolted to 1-1/2" aluminum angle from the hardware store. And because of the thinness of the board and aluminum, they tend to splay outwards at the bottom cross piece when the weight is on. So a second piece is slid in tightly several inches above the main cross piece which braces against this splay and secured by long drywall screws. The fork ends are worm hose clamps.

The dolly tongue is attached to the bicycle seat tube by having a fork cut in the wood tongue that fits loosely around the seat tube and a cross bolt is slid in loosely through holes with a stop nut to hold it in place riding. This bolt actually pulls the trailer. The wider, looser fit at the seat tube allows the bike to bank on curves and on the prop stand.

When the boat is slid in at home and being pulled out at the water it is necessary to have a parking brake to hold the dolly against the pulling. This is simply a rope tied through the wheel. The boat lies on the crosspiece to overbalance somewhat forwards and held up by a rope across under the forward end of the boat. The boat painter is long enough to go forward around the seat tube, then aft with a hitch around one of the fork tubes and back to its original tie ring on the boat, to keep the boat from sliding forwards or aft in the dolly. The tongue is 2 by 4s with the ends left to width and sawed to 1-1/2 by 1-1/2 between the ends to lighten it. One end of each of the vee tubes is bolted to the forward single member of the tongue with at least two bolts through and through. The thing trailers beautifully.

And don't forget the flag to warn motorists of the trailer that extends so far aft of the bike. These are available from your bike dealer, or use a bamboo stick from the garden with a flag. I slide this flag staff into the outside bike fork tube and hold it in place with a couple of wedges. It trails effortlessly because of the bicycle wheels. If you live close to the launching place you can dispense with the bike, just pull it by hand effortlessly.





## Boatshop News...



### Lowell Boats Moves & Expands

By Gary Lowell

We have recently moved our boat renovation shop to a larger facility in Greensboro, NC. The new shop is three times larger than the old one and is already full of restoration projects. The shop expansion will allow us to work year-round, regardless of weather, thus greatly enhancing the work output.

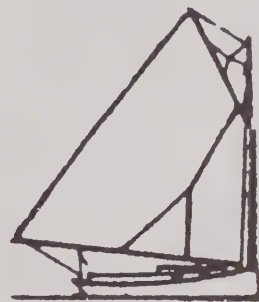
We perform renovations and refinishing on small wooden boats, power and sail. Current projects include the complete renovation of an 18' Pennant sloop, a 17' Chris Craft runabout, a 13' MerryMac daysailer, and a 27' Cheoy Lee. Recently, we worked with a group of middle school students, who built a 13' canoe, which they sold at auction to raise money for the school.

Business is very good right now. The Carolinas are not known for having lots of wooden boats, but I'm swamped. I have four projects underway and a waiting list that will last well into the year 2000.

Our next step is to add employees and increase production while maintaining the high quality of craftsmanship.

Lowell Boats, 708 Guilford Ave., Greensboro, NC 27401, (336) 274-0892

# C. Stickney



## Boatbuilder, LTD.

### Building a New Shop

By Chris Stickney

I am in the process of building a new shop closer to the water, with more space to expand. I am missing the boat shows as a result of this, but I am busy enough doing maintenance work on customer boats, so I cannot complain too much.

I am looking forward to again building new boats when my enlarged space is in place.

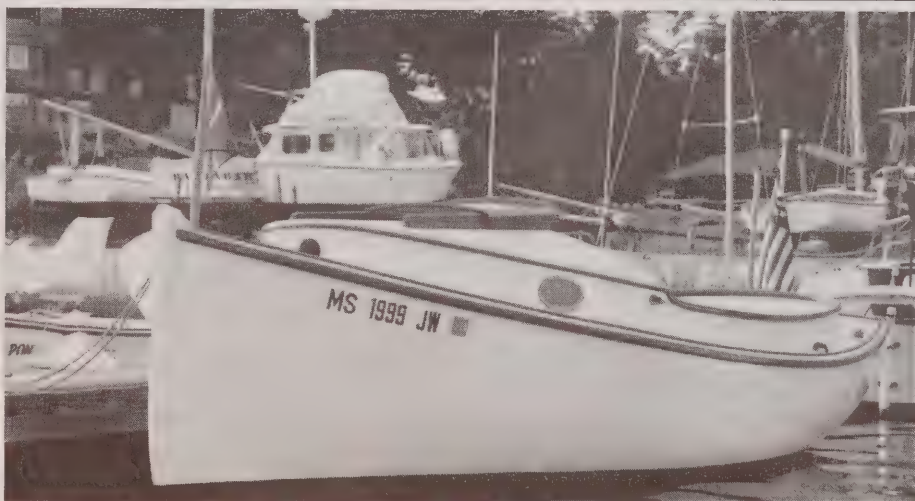
Chris Stickney, Boatbuilder, P.O. Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857



### Our New 20' Pleasant Bay Launch

Here are some photos taken at the recent launching of our 20' Pleasant Bay launch. She is of strip plank construction covered in cloth and epoxy, with teak trim and bronze hardware. Her cruising speed is 5.5 knots.

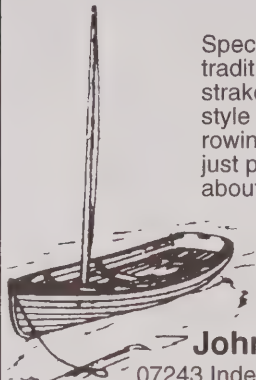
Tony Davis, Arey's Pond Boatyard, Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662, (508) 255-0994





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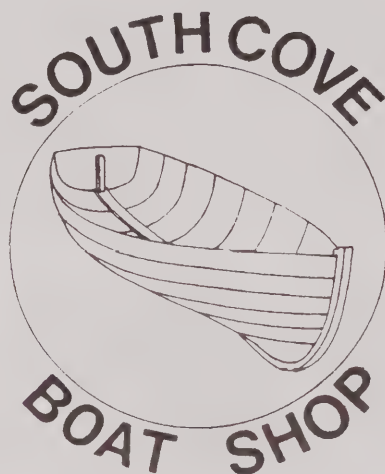
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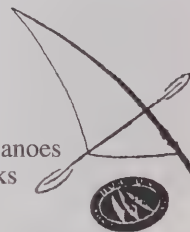
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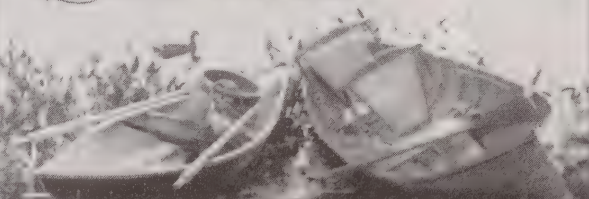


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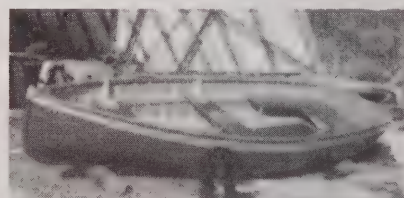
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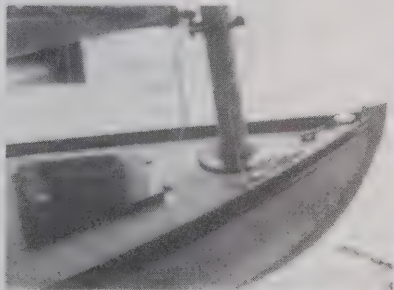
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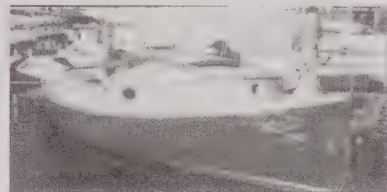
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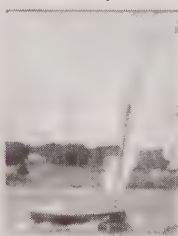
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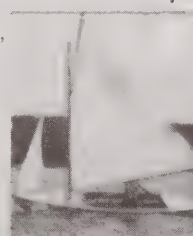


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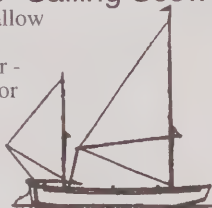
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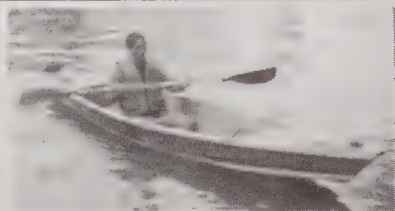
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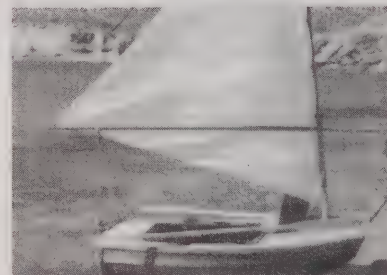


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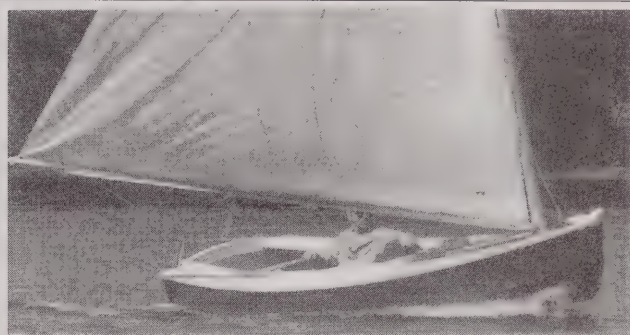
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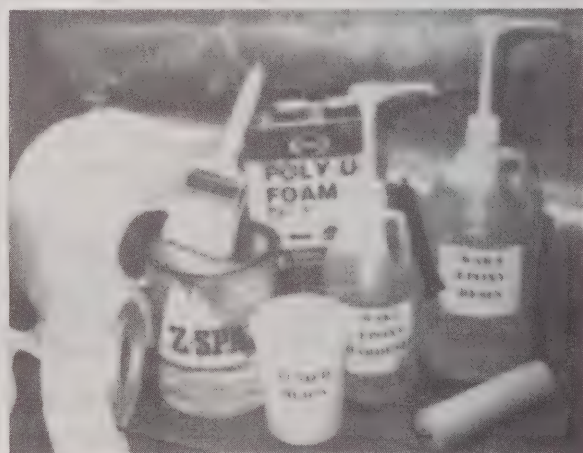


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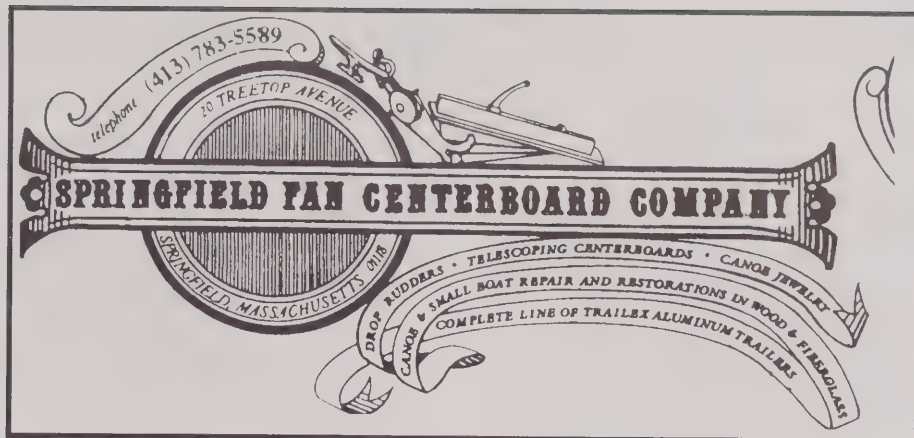


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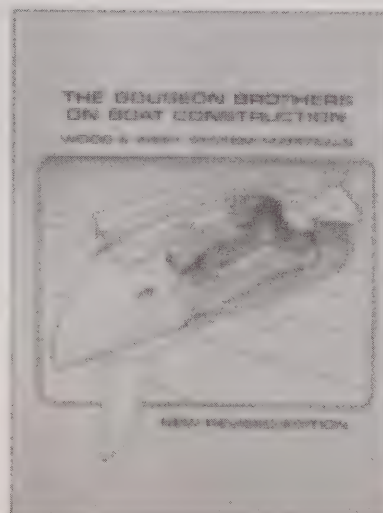
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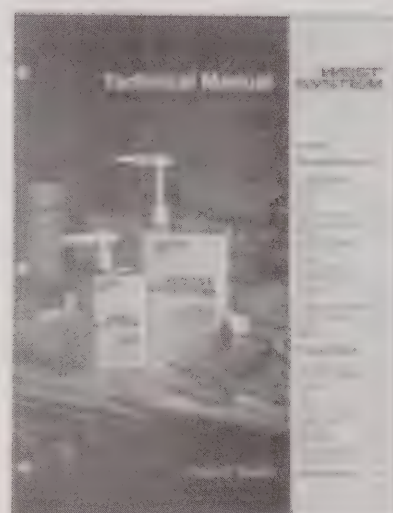
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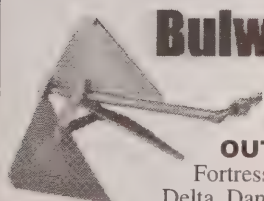
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# Classified Marketplace

## BOATS FOR SALE

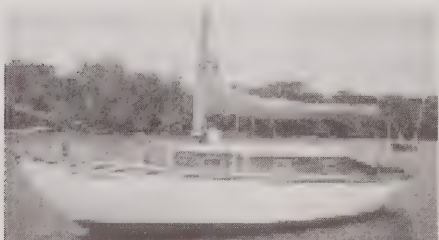


**14' Redwing Sailing Dinghy**, Uffa Fox design. Mahogany planking, oak frames, metal centerplate, 145sf sloop rig, Banks sails, Harken hrdwre, Crewsaver buoyancy bags. Fast & able. \$4,250. BOB TABB, Lockport, NY, (716) 434-7792, <tempbob333@aol.com> (10)

**Carpenter's Boat Shop Sale: 20' Highlander Class Sloop**, FG, full suit sails incl 2 spinnakers, wooden mast & boom. Nds new ply deck. \$750 OBO. **28' Sloop**, fixed keel, deck stepped rig, gd cond. Nds minor work. 1 suit sails, cedar planking on oak frames, grt cruising design. \$4,500 OBO. **9' Lawley Tender**, cedar on oak frames, lovely rowing craft, w/oars, ready to go into water. \$2,850. DARIN CARLTON, The Carpenter's Boatshop, 440 Old County Rd., Pemaquid, ME 04558, (207) 677-3768. (3)

**Folbot**, '95 Greenland 2 Expedition folding kayak, spray skirt, carry bags, rudder. Used only twice, exc cond. \$1,190. **Tinker Inflatable Sailboat**, w/main & jib, inflatable canopy. Cost \$5,000, sell \$1,650. FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314 before 10pm. (10)

**Wood Core Canoe**, partially blt, on frame w/all wood pieces incl. Stored inside. Asking \$300 OBO. MILEVA LOO, Bow, NH, (603) 774-5023 (10)



**48 Hinckley SW Jr. 30' sloop**, compl restored, new bright mahogany cabin, hatches, coamings, toerails & rubrails. New fastenings, floors, keelbolts & many frames. Opening bronze ports, dodger, bimini, autohelm, depth sounder. Bright spar, lg sail inventory. Universal 16hp diesel. Cruise ready, beautiful. \$23,000 OBO. BRUCE VIZINO, Shandaken, NY, (914) 688-7393 eves. (10)

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to use of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.



**16' Whisp**, Redmond design, well made rowing boat. 68lbs w/compl sailing rig. \$750. CHRIS WORTHINGTON, Hingham, MA, (781) 749-0259. (10)

**23' O'Day FG Sloop**, '73 shoal draft keel-CB combination. Berths for 5, roller furling jib & main, porta potti, depth finder, marine radio, 7.5hp Mercury long shaft OB, alcohol stove, cradle. Will incl FG dinghy. Trailerable (but no trlr). In water at Southwest Harbor, ME. Asking \$5,200. PAUL GORMAN, P.O. Box 338, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679, (207) 244-3598. (10)

**16' Wayfarer**, Hull #770 blt '78, mahogany. One design by Ian Proctor (UK). Exc shape, new paint, main, jib, spinnaker, storm jib, sailbags, camper tent, 9' spoon oars, motor lift bracket, self draining. W/ trlr. \$2,700. JOHN LARRABEE, E. Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670. (11)

**Comet #252**, 1/2" PT pine over original western cedar sides and over 1/4" plywood bottom. Red. Deck 1'4"x 1-1/2" PT pine over plywood, varnished. Sharp! Ready for another 60 yrs. Removeable cuddy cabin, trlr. \$1,500 firm. GUNNAR WILSTER, Piney Flats, TN, (423) 538-5292. (11)

**Old Town Sloop**, "White Cap", 13-1/2' lapstrake, cedar on oak. Alum mast, spruce boom, orig hrdwre & canvas sails. Nds repair. \$450. GEORGE YANSON, Pittsford, NY, (716) 248-5022. (11)

**18' Dory**, hand blt, nds scraping & coat of paint. JANET MYERS, 260 Main St., Catskill, NY 12414, (518) 943-4091. (10)

**19' Lightning #3070**, wooden sailboat in exc cond. Cedar planking on oak frames, bright finished mahogany transom. No rot. Blt late '40s, rblt mid '80s. 2 suits well used sails, 1 gd spruce mast on tabernacle, 1 ugly mast for parts or refinishing, 2 booms, 2 rudders. Stored in garage last 5 yrs. Nds minor cosmetic work. Not a go-fast boat or racer, but a simple, sturdy, pretty traditional boat. 5 yr old trlr. \$2,000, can deliver nearby. TONY FURNARI, Hartland, VT, (802) 436-2608, <TEFurnari@aol.com> (11)



**37' Bugeye Ketch Replica**, (ca 1870), 56' LOA, 2-1/2' draft CB up. Blt '60 by Crocker yard. Lister diesel. Documented. \$12,500. STEVEN PAGELS, Cherryfield, ME, (207) 546-2927. (10)

**2 B.N. Morris Canoes**, mahogany decks, thwarts & trim. Recently recanvassed, etc. 1912 17' Model A Type 3, red, #15894. 18' Model A Type 3, olive, #16839. Ready to paddle. Either \$1,800. WARREN WHIPPEN, E. Berlin, PA, (717) 259-7838. (10)

**16' Lyman**, w/25hp Johnson OB & nice trlr. Stored in shed, was in use until couple of yrs ago. Nds some varnish & paint. Asking \$2,650. JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 585-6962. (10)

**19' Long Dory**, Bolger design. Epoxy/FG over marine ply, mahogany gunwales. New cond, used 4 times. \$1,600. Can be seen at 82 Clifton Ave., Saugus, MA. JACK CURLEY, Saugus, MA, (781) 231-7089. (10)

**O'Day 22**, w/trlr & 6hp Johnson, serviceable main & jib. \$4,000. R. GREER, Buffalo, KY, (270) 325-2646. (10)



**Red Zinger**, LOA 25'6", beam 7'11", draws 24" CB up, 3'6" CB down. Cat yawl rig w/wishbone boom, alum mast, new mizzen sail. Stunning downwind speed w/w or w/spinnaker, typical catboat upwind. Radio, GPS installed. Galley, head w/holding tank. 1 yr old 9.9 4-stroke Yamaha electric start. Slps 4 in 6' + bunks. Equipped for cruising. \$12,000. RICHARD ZAPF, Georgetown, MA, (978) 352-8331 eves. (10)

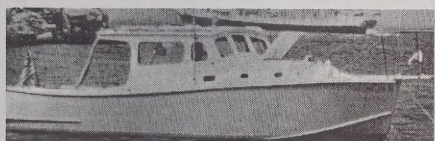


**13' Boston Whaler Supersport**, professionally restored '99. New paint, mahogany, lights, controls, compass, '84 40hp Johnson, new trlr. Like new. \$6,850.  
**MERV TAYLOR**, RR2 Box 35, Lincolnville, ME 04849, (207) 789-5676. (11)

**16-1/2' Grumman Flyer Sailboat**, 350lbs all aluminum, SS rigging, dacron main & jib, motor mount, galv tilt bed trlr. All exc cond. \$1,350.  
**H. WHITE**, 2252 St. Rt 48, Fulton, NY 13069, (315) 593-8331. (11)

**Diabliesse**, Frederick Fenger's original main trysail ketch, 38'. I've owned and loved her for 50 yrs, but at age 77 I'm looking for a new person to cherish this vintage vessel in exc cond. Featured in *WoodenBoat* Mar/April '98. Write or call for details.  
**MARTIN RUDY HAASE**, Bluenose Boatyard, PO Box 281, Chester NS B0J 1J0, Canada, (902) 275-3361. (11)

**30' Navy Whaleboat**, '38, cypress on oak, refastened & FG sheathed '95. Cabin, 2 berths, stove, head, htr, OB well. Solid boat. \$3,500.  
**JOHN MULLIGAN**, E. Hampton, NY, (516) 329-2744. (10)



**31' Down east Cruiser**, '57 restored '91. Exc cond, sweet running twin 135hp Palmers, FWC. Slps 4, galley, head, electronics, fully found. Ready to launch. Sacrifice at \$11,900.  
**J. STONE**, Bath, ME, (207) 443-1208. (11)

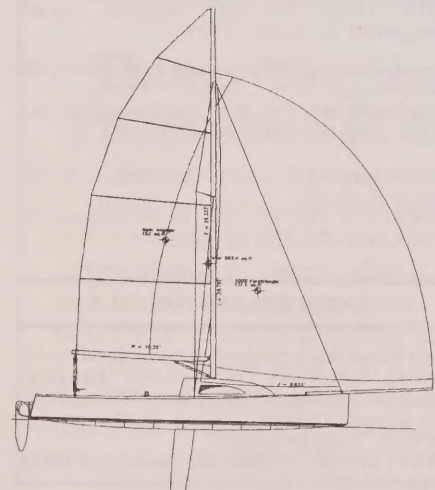


**22' C-Dory Cruiser**, 50hp Honda 4-stroke OB burns 1 gal fuel/hr, 210 hrs on engine, top speed 25mph. Slps 3, w/sink, 2 burner stove, head, full electronics, spacious dinette. Full 6'2" hdrm. C-Dory has great ability to safely handle anything nature can throw at it while offering shallow draft for exploration or beaching. Exc cond, a real character boat. Incl trlr. \$28,000 OBO.  
**KENT LACEY**, Old Lyme, CT, (860) 434-1846. (11)



**'89 Buzzards Bay 19**, lapstrake construction, copper riveted. Handsome & able daysailer w/tanbark sails, 4hp Johnson & Triad trlr. \$12,500.  
**DAVID JONES**, Rockport, ME, (207) 236-7048. (10P)

**18'9" Drascombe Lugger**, FG yawl open sailboat, gunter rig. Really nds new mainsail. Hull & rigging in gd cond. \$3,750.  
**DICK VILLA**, Manchester, MA, (978) 326-2022. (11)



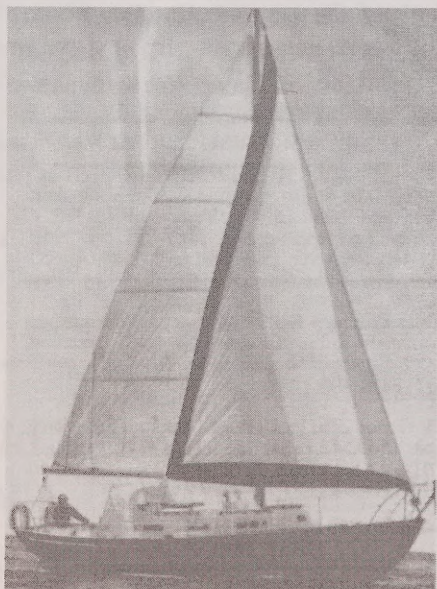
**35' Alden Motorsailer**, '36, spacious cabin, lots of extras, Perkins diesel, newer spars, sails, VHF. Nds hull work. In Rockland, ME. \$9,500.

**46' 2-Masted Schooner**, '80, GPS, VHF, new Volvo Penta, recent survey, "vy gd overall cond, vy well constructed". Nds deck work. In water in Rockland, ME. \$15,000.

**24'6" Stephen C. Baker Sloop**, '95, 8'7" beam, draft CB up 6", CB down 6". All sails, Harken furler, Loadright trlr. Fast boat. In Westport, MA. \$18,500.

**18' Old Gaffer**, '98, Murray Peterson design, 6'3" beam, 2'3" draft. Gaff rig, custom blt to exceptional standards by Apprenticeshop in Rockland, ME. \$22,000.  
**ATLANTIC CHALLENGE FOUNDATION**, Rockland, ME, (207) 594-1800. (11)

**18' Simmons Sea Skiff**, 25hp OB, on trlr, exc cond.  
**PAUL MCKEEN**, Kittery, ME, (207) 439-7292. (10)



**Grampian 31 Classic**, full keel FG, blt '67. 31' LOA, masthead sloop. Roller furling headstay, 100% & 130% jibs, new full batten main, tiller helm, Atomic Four auxiliary. Extensive restoration & refurbishment, a lovingly maintained beautiful classic sailboat. I've gotten a smaller boat. Inquire for compl list of equipment & restoration details. \$17,900.

**JACK DICE**, RR1 Box 864, Stonington, ME 04681, (207) 367-0966, <jackstoneme@acadia.net>, <http://userpages.acadia.net/oceanvilleboat/index.html> (10)





**21' Chesapeake Skiff**, '98, designed by Westom Farmer, NA. Framed in white oak, planked in white pine w/SS fastenings. All seams payed w/Sikaflex. See *MAIB* 11/15/97. Powered by new 2-cyl Yanmar diesel producing 7knts at 2,000rpm. Uses approximately 1 qt fuel/hr. This is a great harbor & river boat, well equipped. Asking price \$11,000, negotiable.

GEORGE RICHARDS JR, Builder, Randolph, MA, (781) 986-6288. (11)

**10' Trimaran**, beam 6'-10', sail 65sf, w/trlr. Custom made. \$800.

KEN CURRIE, Ft. Wayne, IN, (219) 485-8571. (11)

### BOATS WANTED

**21' Crotch Island Pinky**, by Peter Van Dine. MIKE FALVEY, Box 264, Gustavus, AK 99826, (907) 697-2267, <emarantz@hotmail.com> (10)

**Delaware Ducker**, 15'-16', prefer cold molded model as described in *SBJ* many (10?) yrs ago. ALTON DAY STONE, 10 Rugg Rd., Sterling, MA 01564. (10)

**Traditional Boat Donation**, (and/or trlr/gear) to nautical living history, not-for-profit. Since '81 we portray seamen/marines ca. 1800 & 1860 for museums etc. in MD & northern VA. Lately we have crewed borrowed 16-40' boats. Can restore open wooden boat at our public events.

MIKE BOSWORTH, 357 Ayr Hill Ave. NE, Vienna, VA 22180, (703) 281-6421, <boz@erols.com> (10)

**Handcat Sailboat**, made by Cape Dory builders until '78.

B. GODBOLT, West Creek, NJ, (609) 296-3366. (10)

### SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**Snipe Main & Jib**, by Alan Clarke Sailmakers, never used. Main 16' luff, 8' foot. Jib 12' luff, 6' foot. \$275 + shipping.

PAT GIORDANO, Olivebridge, NY, (914) 657-2889, <moonbrats@aol.com> (10)

**White Poly tarp Sail Kits**, construct an inexpensive dinghy sail in just hours. No sewing required. DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (15P)

**150 Genoa Jib**, by Charles Ulmer (NYC), rarely used. 17-1/2' foot, 31-1/2' luff. \$125 + shipping. JOHN LARRABEE, E. Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670. (11)

### GEAR FOR SALE

**Oars**, new custom hand made oars w/Adirondack style horns. Carved by race winning boat bldr in Adirondacks. Soft maple for that extra flex kick at end of stroke. 7' 11-1/4" long. \$299. I'll be the tallest guy at the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels, MD, October 1-3.

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ROY ROYAL, Columbus, MI, (810) 727-7320 after 5pm, (313) 390-6444 before 2:30pm. (09)

**Trailer**, boat/utility use. 6'x10' flatbed, plus 9' A-frame tongue, lg wheels, 2" coupler. Worked fine for my 19' dory. \$350.

BETH SCHWARZMAN, Falmouth, MA, (508) 540-0595. (10)

**Honda 2hp OB**, short shaft. \$450.

FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (10)

**Building Mold**, & strongback for Cosine Wherry. Free.

PETER MITCHELL, 240 Sugar Hill Rd., Tolland, CT 06084. (10)

**Free Building Molds**, for 12' plywood lapstrake dinghy, w/keel on strongback ready for planking. **5' Tugboat Model Male Molds**, for FG construction.

STEVE LAYDEN, Bourne, MA, (508) 274-6010. (11)

**'35 Evinrude Elto Pal**, 1hp OB in vy gd cond. Antique appraised at \$155. BO.

MERV TAYLOR, RR2 Box 35, Lincolnville, ME 04849, (207) 789-5676. (11)

**5' Tugboat Model Male Molds**, for FG construction.

STEVE LAYDEN, Bourne, MA, (508) 274-6010. (11)

### GEAR WANTED

**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond.

FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

**Saroca Gear**, tent & fly, cockpit & boat cover, OB motor bracket.

CHRIS SPOHR, P.O. Box 308, Barnstable, MA 02630, (508) 362-2248. (10)

**British Seagull OB**, small featherweight 1-1/2-2hp. Any yr in gd cond.

LAUREN KATZ, 659 Nassau St., Orange, NJ 07050, (973) 325-3741. (11)

### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Boat Plans**, due to the death of my husband the following boat plans are available: Rangeley Guideboat, Whitehall Pulling Boat, Wharram Surf Cat, Bobcat, 24' Nugget Trimaran, 19' Monfort Classic (sail), Triad, 18' Dory.

JANET MYERS, 260 Main St., Catskill, NY 12414, (518) 943-4091. (10)



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PEN & INK PRESS, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA 22579. (TFP)

**Cockleshell Kayak Plans**, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35.

ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

**From My Old Boat Shop**, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

**I Hear You Bought a Boat**, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing.

TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

**Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar**, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

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A. MALINOWSKI, 118 Contact Dr., W. Haven, CT 06516. (10)

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PETER GRAY, 40 Franklin Ave., Rockaway, NJ 07866. (10)



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BEV MC GRATH, 50 Green St., Lynn, MA 01904. (TF)

**"Sleeper"**, 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.  
EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

**\$200 Sailboat**, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.  
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

## BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

**Old Canoe Catalogs.**  
LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19777, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

**Wanted Books & Plans:** Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.  
THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

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DRIFTWOOD DAN, D. Osterday, 220 W. Palomino Dr., Tempe, AZ 85284. (TF)

**Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat**, will still do free picture painting of your boat, but \$50 for 9"x 12" & \$100 for 18"x 24" will get your painting done 1st. Send no money until you get a painting you like.  
SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (TF)

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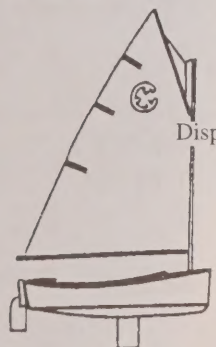
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109 sq ft sail area

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Because we publish twice a month and mail by 3rd class bulk rates, we experience continuing problems with some of you receiving your magazines regularly.

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In four to six weeks they send us an address change correction as we request on the back cover of each issue where your address is imprinted (at a cost of \$1 to us). By this time we have mailed you additional issues, all of which have been trashed. We correct your address, but by now you have missed several issues.

Often many of you wish us to replace the missing issues. But, we have already mailed them to you at the address on record here, and mailing replacements involves the cost of the replacement issues and additional postage (\$1 each by 1st Class Mail) beyond the subscription fee you paid. We have to ask for additional payment to do this.

All of this can be avoided by your **LETTING US KNOW** when you change address, permanently, seasonally, or on extended (two weeks or more) holiday, **4-6 WEEKS IN ADVANCE**.

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If we receive your ad just before going to press, there will be a 2 week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further 10 days to 2 weeks while it is in the mail enroute to you. If we receive your ad just after going to press, a further 2 weeks is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands.

Thus it can be from 3 to 6 weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear, it will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.

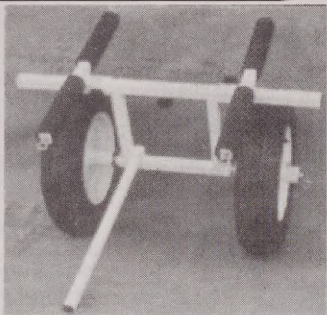


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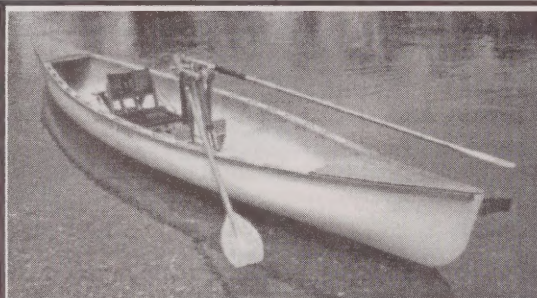
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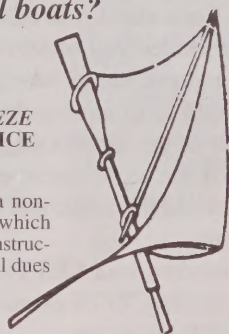
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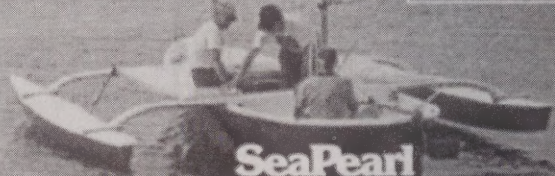
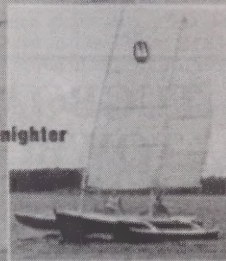
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